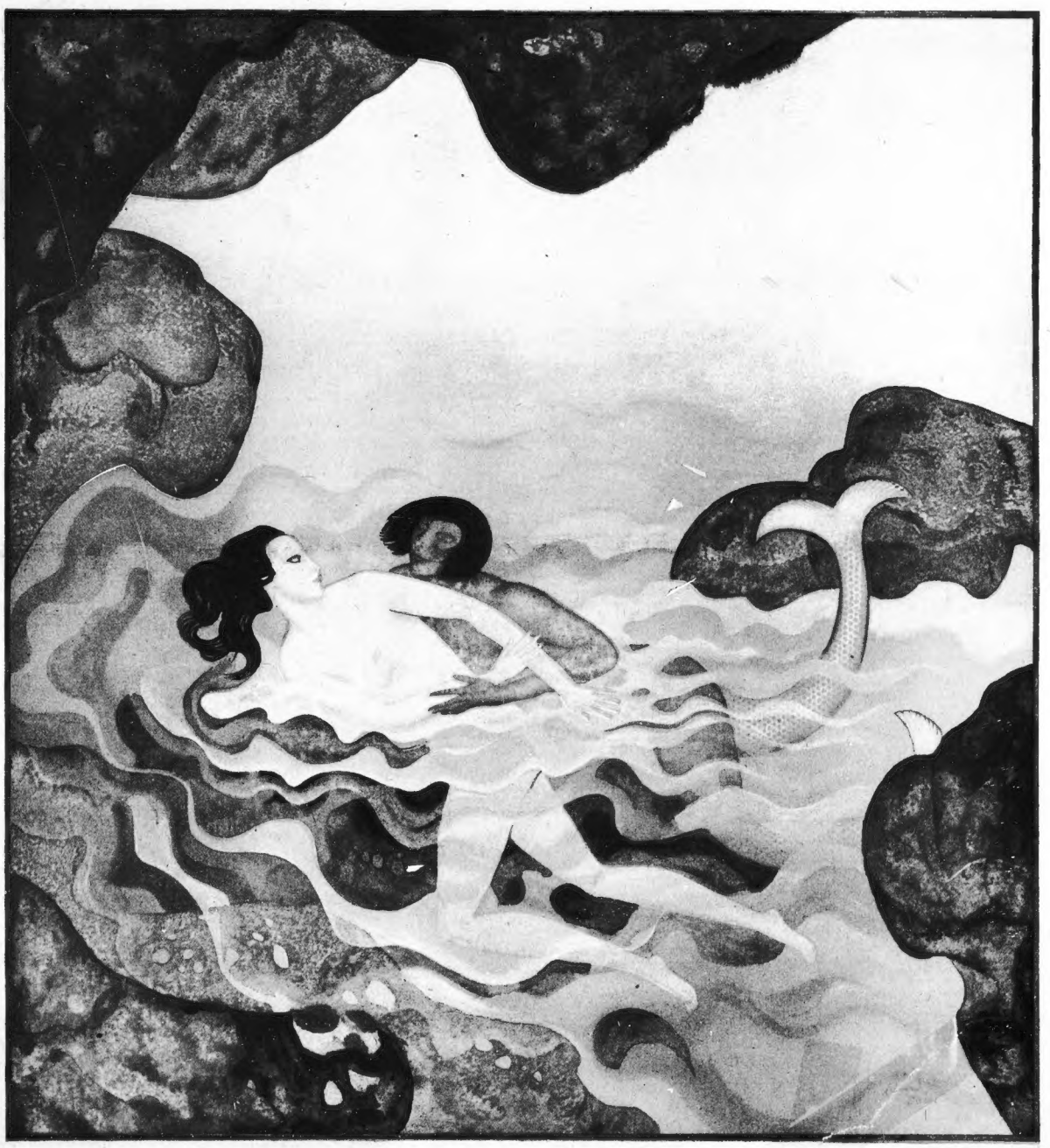
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.
Copyright, 1933, in the United States of America by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights. Reproduction in Original or in Translation Is Expressly Forbidden.
Sunday, April 30, 1933



Myths the Ancients Believed

By the Distinguished English Artist Edmund Dulac

GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA—

SCYLLA was a lively Sicilian maiden. Glaucus had been a mortal fisherman. By an odd accident he became a green sea-god, with fishes' tails for legs. He saw Scylla bathing and fell in love with her. She repulsed him. Glaucus sought help from the enchantress Circe, who turned man into swine. Circe fell in love with Glaucus, but he told her that trees would grow on the bottom of the ocean and seaweeds on mountain tops before he would love anybody but Scylla. So Circe punished poor Scylla, who, the next time she went in bathing, suddenly found herself surrounded by serpents and barking monsters. To her horror she discovered these were all growing out of herself, and that she was rooted to the sea bottom. In time this spoiled her temper and turned her from a sweet girl into a creature who took pleasure in devouring sailors. She ate up six of the Greek hero Ulysses' marines. At last she was turned into a rock. She would have been much happier if she had been nicer to Glaucus.

200 Snakes In His Home—Alive!

W. H. A. Schottler, Berlin Scientist, Who Has a House Full of Reptiles, Dead and Alive. All of Them Are Poisonous. He Has Been Working for Years for Antidotes for Snake-bite.

© WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Mr. Schottler Knows His Snakes and They Know Him. It's Not Unusual to See One of His Pets Squirming Across the Dining Table While the Family Has Tea.

Poisonous Snakes from All Over the World Are Sent the Expert, and This Photograph Shows How They Are Shipped in Tubes Which Protect Them from Injury and Keep Them from Escaping.

BERLIN.

THERE is in this city a house, known to scientists all over the world, but which the average German citizen wouldn't live in for the country's entire war debt in cash. It is occupied by a free-lance zoologist and his family — and by, since the snakes. The zoologist, whose name is W. H. A. Schottler, knows as much about poisonous reptiles as any man alive and is constantly experimenting with them to learn their ways and habits and to devise various kinds of serum which will be positive protection against the deadly effects of snake-bite.

Herr Schottler, although he is not a member of any university faculty, is a colleague of scientists not only in Europe, but in Africa, Australia, and America, as well. He swaps information with them and they with him—and hardly a week passes that he does not receive, from some part of the world, some live and deadly species of reptile with which to carry on his interesting experiments.

In the course of his studies, the "Snake Man," as Herr Schottler is called in his native city, finds it necessary to kill many of his numerous collection of reptiles. He does not throw their sinuous bodies away, but files them carefully away in tubes filled with fluid which preserves the skins in all their natural colors.

But the scientist keeps as many live snakes as dead ones in his home and he understands them as a father does his children. By long experience he has mastered the knack of handling dangerous reptiles without rousing them to anger. His touch and his manner of picking them up soothes rather than excites them, and reptiles that the average person would run a mile to get away from, he makes pets of.

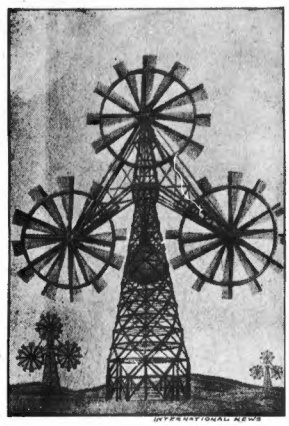
Frau Schottler, who, at first would have nothing to do with her husband's scaly menagerie, soon got over her fear of snakes and now regards them with the affection that other women lavish on cats and canaries. She does not even object when her scientific spouse brings some of his serpents into the dining room and lets them crawl about on the table.

The German scientist prizes his collection of snakes in much the same way that a collector of first editions looks upon his shelves of books. He knows the names and the habits of most of the species of reptiles that crawl the earth, from the smallest and most harmless of garter snakes to the hooded cobra and the monstrous boa constrictor. He knows most about poisonous snakes, however, and he hopes, before he dies, to discover serums which will be antidotes for the bites of more than a dozen breeds of deadly reptiles.

Most of his experimental work is carried on in a laboratory, on the second floor of his residence. There he unpacks the snakes that come to him from all over the world and there he robs them of the contents of their poison sacs to get the deadly fluid necessary to his studies.

Herr Schottler already has succeeded in making serums which will counteract the bites of several snakes and his formulas are in use all over the world, more especially in Africa and India where the annual loss of life from snake bite is heaviest.

More than once the free-lance scientist has been the victim of the fangs of some of his "pets"—for some of his menagerie are difficult creatures to domesticate—but, although these experiences have been painful, the "Snake Man" has always quickly recovered from the attacks by treating himself with the proper amount of his own serums.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Drawing of the Proposed 1,200-Foot Tower for Manufacturing Electricity From Wind Power, as Planned by Honnef, the Famous German Engineer.

Highest Tower for Free Electricity

BERLIN.

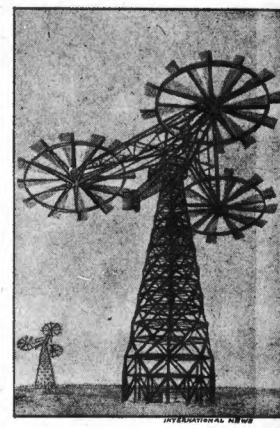
A PLAN for the manufacture of electricity for municipal use, at a cost virtually negligible, has been proposed to the city authorities by Herr Hermann Honnef, famous German engineer, which would give Berlin the highest tower in Europe—a steel frame-work rising more than 1,200 feet above the ground. Herr Honnef, the builder of the famous radio towers at Koenigs Wusterhausen, figures on using the wind at that height to turn enormous wheels for the generation of current. Drawings of two types of towers, each constructed on the same general principle, herewith shown, reveal their picturesque aspects. A tower of this type will be demonstrated at the Chicago World's Fair.

"If the plan is adopted," says the engineer, "my tower will be the first wind tower in the world, and a revolutionary saving in producing electrical current will be put into operation."

The plan, however, is merely a huge refinement of that used on American farms, where big windmills are used to keep storage batteries for lighting and power on the farm, charged.

"The tower," Herr Honnef continued, "will be 240 feet in diameter and it will be capable of producing current of 50,000,000 kilowatts a year. Such a wind tower would produce the cheapest current imaginable. One kilowatt hour of current which costs about 30 cents in Berlin, will only cost one-fortieth of that price, with wind turning the generators."

The engineer has been working on the project for many years and has at last placed a memorandum before President Hindenburg. The memorandum is really a very thick volume of data, and it was turned over to the Minister of Traffic for a report. The reports turned back to the President were so favorable that the government decided to finance the construction of and wheels and towers, according to the engineer's specifications, and the towers, within a few years, may be erected near all the metropolitan centers of Germany. The cost of one tower, complete, will be about three-quarters of a million dollars. The government has added many suggestions to the Honnef plan, and counts on transmission wires to farms, with a sufficient power supply to operate farming machinery as well as light the territory. The farm project even includes the electrical heating of the soil, which, science has proved, becomes more fertile by this process. The government scientists are also including the production by hydrogen through the power supplied by the proposed towers.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Another Design for a Wind-Power Tower, With Its Huge Wheels, Which, When Wind-Driven, Will Turn Gigantic Generators for Municipal Lighting and Trolley Service.

New Rules for "Perfect Backs"

ANNUAL contests to find "the perfect back" are quite commonplace, nowadays, but publicity still attaches to them because they afford attractive photographs of pretty girl entrants. When the 1932 contest was staged in Detroit, Michigan, recently, the officials decided that they would go about finding a perfect back seriously, and that a pretty face, beautiful hair, a neatly turned calf and whatever other beauty assets the contestants possessed would not be considered. Aware of a tendency, even though it be subconscious, of judges to incline to a winning smile, or an even row of teeth, and thus deflect attention from the symmetry of a spine owned by another girl with fewer charms, the officials of the contest, which became a statewide event in Michigan, wrote a set of rules.

The first rule was that the contestants must wear gowns while exhibiting their backs. The gowns must be long and must hide the legs. The next rule required all the girls who were seeking perfect back honors, to turn their faces at all times from the judges, who happened to be physicians. Their parade of backs was to be held over a circular route, in such a way that when the girls passed the judges' stand, their faces were not visible. The final rule was that a "perfect back" was to be judged, not from any superficial beauty, but from characteristics that denoted the owner's health and a flawless spine.

Unlike other contests, Michigan's did not call for the actual measuring of the backs, to find perfect symmetry, straight shoulders, and smooth satiny skin, underlaid by rippling muscles, by the judges themselves. The judges were placed at a distance from the contestants, while attendants did the measuring, and called out the data, which was officially recorded. The girls were entered numerically, and, when the finalists were chosen, their photographs were taken as shown in the accompanying picture. The photograph shows how the new contest ruling lined up the entrants. It was considered the fairest and surest of the contests held recently, a real quest for a perfect back—and the big surprise at the finish was the decision of the judges that there were 13 nearly perfect backs in Detroit—all of which are shown on this page.

The trick photography was resorted to because the promoters of the contest wanted a picture small enough to be published without eating up too much space, and yet effective. So the camera man was raised on a small crane, and photographed the entrants from overhead, and thus managed to get them all within a small focus, and to show the beauty lines of each contesting back.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Thirteen Wasn't Considered an Unlucky Number When the Judges of Pretty Backs Picked These Finalists in the State-Wide Contest for the Perfect Back. The Judges, as Will Be Noted, Were Unable to See Faces or Legs.

Buried in Pajamas

LONDON.

ENGLAND was one of the first countries of Europe to popularize the wearing of pajamas in public, at the beaches, and even to social functions and for several seasons, the women who appeared in costumes that had previously been associated with the boudoir, were regarded as a bit bold, just as the British public is looking askance nowadays at those pioneers among femininity who go about publicly smoking pipes. But the pajamas fad "caught on" and women all over the world lost no time in enjoying the comfort and coolness that thin, airy panties provided, especially at the resorts.

But no one, even in the hey day of pajamas, ever dreamed that any woman would want to be buried in such a costume—that is, until the other day when funeral services were held for Miss Hilda Graham, 27, of Bright Street, Darwen, Lancashire, who was killed while motorcycling with her fiance to Weston-super-Mare for a holiday.

Before she died, Miss Graham requested her relatives to attire her in a suit of pale pink silk pajamas, with blue trimmings, and her request was respected when her injuries proved fatal. Miss Graham was one of those who favored pajamas, but her desire to be buried in them was not a whim which grew out of a popular fashion. The girl was superstitious about the customary shrouds in general use in England—the type that have no fastening in the back. She had always been a firm believer in the resurrection of the body, and had confided to friends that she would never agree to be buried in a shroud, because when Resurrection Day came, she would emerge from her grave only half clad, and would stand embarrassed before the Judgment Seat.

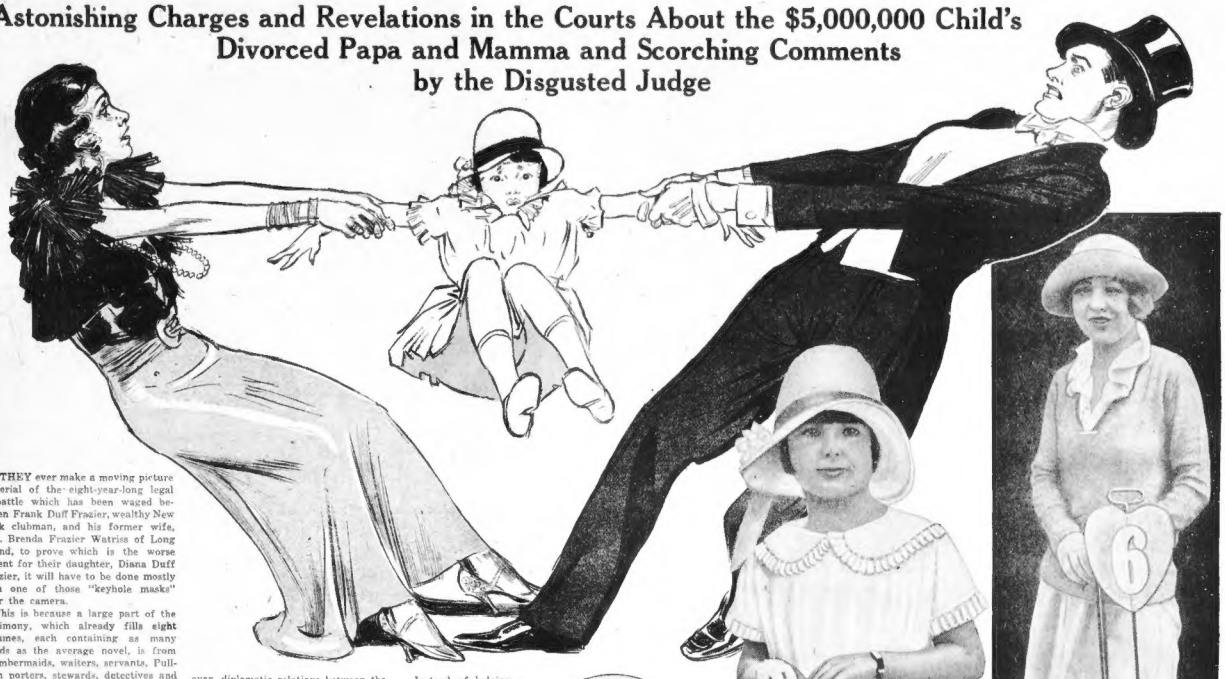
To avoid such an experience, she picked out, on the day before her death, the pajamas in which she wished to be buried.

A similar fear of embarrassment on Judgment Day was expressed by a woman in New York several weeks ago. When she died, relatives discovered among her effects a written list of instructions for her funeral. One of these requests was that she be placed in a coffin the lid of which might be lifted on Resurrection Day—and that the coffin be placed in a pine box, which, under no circumstances, must be fastened, or cemented in the ground.

© 1932 by American Weekly, Inc., Great Britain Rights Reserved

8 Years' Legal Battle Over Little Diana Frazier

Astonishing Charges and Revelations in the Courts About the $5,000,000 Child's Divorced Papa and Mamma and Scorching Comments by the Disgusted Judge



IF THEY ever make a moving picture serial of the eight-year-long legal battle which has been waged between Frank Duff Frazier, wealthy New York clubman, and his former wife, Mrs. Brenda Frazier Watriss of Long Island, to prove which is the worse parent for their daughter, Diana Duff Frazier, it will have to be done mostly with one of those "keyhole masks" over the camera.

This is because a large part of the testimony, which already fills eight volumes, each containing as many words as the average novel, is from chambermaids, waiters, servants, Pullman porters, stewards, detectives and other "keyhole astronomers." Learned architects were brought in as experts to show whether these peeping Toms, Dicks and Harriets could really have seen through the keyholes what they said they had seen. The peeping and eavesdropping covered various parts of the United States, Canada, France and the Bahama Islands.

Tired and disgusted at refereeing the endless rounds of this legal fight, Judge C. E. Chillingworth of the Florida Supreme Court the other day stopped the fight, awarded the purse, which is the custody of Diana, nine months of the year to her mother and for three months to Mr. Frazier. This did not mean that the court considered the father three times as bad a parent as the mother or even that she is the lesser evil of the two. The judge consulted the preference of the child herself and she said she didn't like her papa's new wife.

But for Diana's influence the decision would evidently have been a draw, as shown by the following excerpts from Judge Chillingworth's decision:

"The record in this case is not of such character that either parent can point to it with unabashed confidence as establishing in his or her belief any superior qualifications for exercising parental rights over an eleven-year-old female child.

"Neither of them is shown by this record to be in a position to commend the child a perusal of its pages for the purposes of enabling her to search out and follow any good example of conduct or character heretofore set by either of them.

"Neither parent appears to have been in the past, nor appears to be now, any paragon of virtue in parenthood, nor can it be said that the mother of the child, even under the improved conditions claimed to exist since her last marriage, is on this record entitled to any more consideration as a parent than the father."

No matter what each has proved against the other, there must be some good in a pair of parents who would fight so long and so desperately, blasting each other's reputation, all for the exclusive custody of their beloved little daughter. The child, however, is worth more than her weight in gold because she is a five-million-dollar heiress. Whoever has Diana's custody has the pleasure of spending for her the income on $5,000,000.

In 1916, Brenda Williams-Taylor, daughter of Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, Director of the Bank of Montreal and Lady Williams-Taylor, met Frank Duff Frazier at Palm Beach. They were married in December of that year and before there was time for much trouble Frazier went away to the war from which he came out a lieutenant.

After an honorable discharge from the army, hostilities began in his married life due, he testified, to the character of his wife's associates. In 1927 was born Brenda Diana Duff Frazier, who, considering the battles to be fought over her, might better have been named Alsace Lorraine. However, diplomatic relations between the parents were not severed until November 7, 1924, when Frazier left his New York home for a football game and never came back.

This act of carelessness moved Mrs. Frazier to declare war by suing him for divorce in New York, charging infidelity. The charge he later testified was "substantially true." But at the time he launched a vigorous counter-offensive, sending an expeditionary force to follow his wife about Europe, where she was touring with her parents. The evidence collected by the detectives composed Volume One of the library of eight, and the hero of this "fiction," as Mrs. Frazier calls it, was her present husband, Mr. Frederic N. Watriss, wealthy New York lawyer, who accompanied the party, unconscious that he was being studied through keyholes.

Before introducing this "white paper" in court, Mr. Frazier generously let his wife read it and perhaps in consideration of such kindness, she dropped her New York suit only to bring another, in Florida, on the grounds of desertion. The decree was granted by Judge Chillingworth in January, 1926, and Mrs. Frazer married Mr. Watriss in March of that year.

The stipulation was that the child should be seven months of the year in the custody of its paternal grandmother, Mrs. Clara Duff Frazier, and the remaining five with its mother. In the event of the grandmother's death, the child was to be divided 50-50 between the parents who, up to that time, had not told the court about each other. Unfortunately the old lady did die in 1926, leaving her grandchild the $5,000,000. Instantly the war broke out again, each parent doing his worst to prove the other no-good morally and unfit to have the custody of an innocent little girl.

Curiously enough, each made almost exactly the same charges against the other and, in the fracas, the new wife and new husband which they had married became liberally plastered with mud.

Each accused the other of being an unfit parent, of drinking to excess, immoral conduct and neglect of Diana's health. Each accused the other of trying to prejudice the mind of the child and each criticised or sought to blacken the characters of the other's spouse and associates. Each denied all the other's charges and between volleys of mud asserted his devouring love for the little one.

Mr. Frazier led off by presenting testimony designed to prove that his divorced wife had been too friendly with her present husband before she married him and while she was still Mrs. Frazier.

The weak spot in the attack was that no matter how bad he might show the mother to be, she was presumably better than no mother at all, and he was a bachelor. In June, 1930, he announced that he had remedied this defect by marrying Miss Marjorie Affleck, 29 years old and theoretically a Grade-A foster mother because she was a trained nurse.

Instead of helping him, the new Mrs. Frazier furnished Mrs. Watriss with a new weapon with which she promptly smote him. The mother hired a squad of detectives and came to court with a bigger and better volume of "key-hole close-ups" to prove that Mr. Frazier had been too friendly with his second wife before he married her. As it seemed a case of the pot calling the kettle black, both sides ran more volumes of evidence.

Diagrams of bedrooms into which the peeping had been done were exhibited to the court. Architects on one side were able to show from the diagrams that the witnesses could have seen just what they said went on. Architects for the other side swore that they could not. Both sides piled up the damaging evidence and for a while the father seemed to be getting a little the worst of the muckraking.

Lady Williams-Taylor, in the conventional role of hostile mother-in-law, testified that Frazier was drunk every night in Nassau shortly before Diana was to be born. She said that at this time his wife had to help him up a steep hill, and that she showed bruises on her neck allegedly made by Frazier.

Lady Williams-Taylor said she had seen Frazier display "drunkenness, rudeness and indifference that would be insulting to any woman, and neglect beyond words."

Frederick J. (Merry) Christmas, Frazier's former butler, testified that he saw his employer drunk three or four times a week and that he drank large quantities of champagne. Theodore Brown, a former bell captain at the Ritz, seems to have qualified as an expert on intoxication. Brown informed the court that he was called by a chambermaid (who also testified) to Frazier's room on the second floor, and found him "raving, imagining that he had killed somebody and the body was sticking out under the bed." The questioning proceeded:

Q. Do you know what D. T.'s are? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Have you ever seen anybody with them? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Will you say whether or not Mr. Frazier had them at that time? A. I think he must have had them, because he acted very, very queer.

Frazier admitted that he used liquor but never to excess, bringing many witnesses including his own physician to back him up. In addition to his alleged precocious behavior with his second wife, Mrs. Watriss charged that besides his regular and more or less respectable residence at 1115 Fifth Avenue, he maintained another apartment at 383 Park Avenue. This she said was kept as a "house of revelry and debauchery where drunkenness and immorality took place." Into this "house of sin and iniquity" he was accused of sometimes taking Diana.

Mrs. Watriss also charged that Frazier had toured Europe with women of unchaste character, visiting notorious resorts at the Rue Bouchardon and Faubourg San Martin, and that in general his conduct with women was not such as to make him a fit father for Diana.

Frazier, when called to the witness stand, denied that this was the case, asserting that he did not associate with women he considered "unchaste" and that he did not make a practice of intimacies with women at the Park Avenue apartment. He did not pretend, however, to have lived a celibate life, and under cross examination admitted that a "Miss D." might possibly have spent a night at the apartment, though he was sure that no other woman had.

There was a wealth of testimony, partly from Frazier himself, about the persecution of a woman named McGonigle, a terrible person who had been a former sweetheart and seemed to prove that all that has been said about a woman scorned is true. It was Frazier's misfortune that the McGonigle lady traveled to Europe on his boat and, according to the evidence, tried to crash into his stateroom most every night and threatened to make trouble. As soon as he reached Paris, Frazier made arrangements with a detective bureau to station men outside his hotel room to keep "the McGonigle" away.

Behind this line of defence Christmas said that his master was carrying on affairs with a great number of women. He could remember only 22 but then he was not paying special attention.

Frazier denied the assortment of charges against him but the judge thought there must be some fire with such a terrific amount of smoke and cut the father's time allowance with the daughter down to only two weeks out of the year. This defeat inspired Frazier to collect more volumes of testimony, not only attacking his wife's morals and sobriety but getting after her second husband whom he called a "consistent and heavy drinker." He "proved" it with witnesses and Watriss "disproved" it with others.

Mr. Frazier described his former mother-in-law, Lady Williams-Taylor, as:

"A woman of extraordinarily poor character; she is what you might call a master at innuendo; she can turn any remark into something with a risque meaning; she tells many stories that are off color. Well, her general reputation with men is very bad; she receives presents, expensive presents from men; I think her influence is distinctly harmful to a young person."

In Nassau, Frazier testified, he saw Lady Williams-Taylor unclothed before her mirror with the door left open.

Lady Williams-Taylor, then 61 years old, came gaily into court to deny everything. She astonished the Judge by addressing him as "Your Lordship" and to prove how good she was, listed some of the social lions and lionesses who had visited her in Montreal. These included the Infanta Beatrice and Alfonso of Spain (first cousins of the throne); Lord Huguley of England; J. H. Thomas, head of the British Labor party; Lloyd George and Dame Margaret Lloyd George; "my great friend" Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University; William Taft; Lord Robert Cecil; the Grand Duke Alexander; Richard Bennett, the actor.

Lady Williams-Taylor showed herself to be a strong character, and expressed her opinions freely. Waving aside her attorney, who was rising with an objection to a certain line of questioning, she said:

"Let him alone—he is so silly!"

She denied categorically the slurs cast on her character by witnesses. She was questioned regarding her use of liquor.

Q. Do you use intoxicating liquors?" A. I do not.

Q. Do you drink cocktails? A. I do not.

Q. You do not drink cocktails? A. I have taken cocktails, but I do not drink cocktails.

In response to further questioning she said that she had probably "taken" a dozen cocktails in her life.

The court's latest decision is to increase the father's time allowance with Miss Diana from two weeks to 90 days, but either side can reopen the case with new evidence. It is hoped, however, that both parents will calm down before Diana is old enough to understand what Papa and Mama are telling on each other.

Mr. Frank Frazier, Father of the Poor Little Rich Girl, Watching a Tennis Match at Palm Beach.

Little Miss Diana Frazier, $5,000,000 Heiress, With More Money Yet to Come, Who Has Been Pulled and Hauled in the Courts in the Endless Squabble Between Her Father and Her Mother.

Mrs. Frederic Watriss, Former Wife of Frazier and Mother of the Child.

© 1932, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

200 Snakes In His Home—Alive!

© WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

W. H. A. Schottler, Berlin Scientist, Who Has a House Full of Reptiles, Dead and Alive. All of Them Are Poisonous. He Has Been Working for Years for Antidotes for Snake-bite.

Mr. Schottler Knows His Snakes and They Know Him. It's Not Unusual to See One of His Pets Squirming Across the Dining Table While the Family Has Tea.

Poisonous Snakes from All Over the World Are Sent the Expert, and This Photograph Shows How They Are Shipped in Tubes Which Protect Them from Injury and Keep Them from Escaping.

BERLIN.

THERE is in this city a house, known to scientists all over the world, but which the average German citizen wouldn't live in for the country's entire war debt in cash. It is occupied by a free-lance zoologist and his family—and by some 200 snakes. The zoologist, whose name is W. H. A. Schottler, knows as much about poisonous reptiles as any man alive and is constantly experimenting with them to learn their ways and habits and to devise various kinds of serum which will be positive protection against the deadly effects of snake-bite.

Herr Schottler, although he is not a member of any university faculty, is a colleague of scientists not only in Europe, but in Africa, Australia, and America, as well. He swaps information with them and they with him—and hardly a week passes that he does not receive, from some part of the world, some live and deadly species of reptile with which to carry on his interesting experiments.

In the course of his studies, the "Snake Man," as Herr Schottler is called in his native city, finds it necessary to kill many of his numerous collection of reptiles. He does not throw their sinuous bodies away, but files them carefully away in tubes filled with fluid which preserves the skins in all their natural colors.

But the scientist keeps as many live snakes as dead ones in his home and he understands them as a father does his children. By long experience he has mastered the knack of handling dangerous reptiles without rousing them to anger. His touch and his manner of picking them up soothes rather than excites them, and reptiles that the average person would run a mile to get away from, he makes pets of.

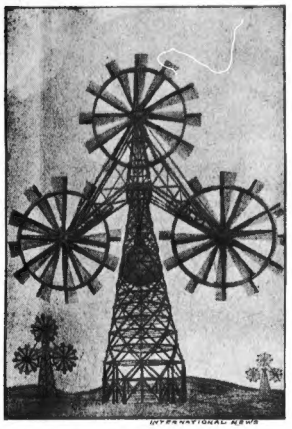
Frau Schottler, who, at first would have nothing to do with her husband's scaly menagerie, soon got over her fear of snakes and now regards them with the affection that other women lavish on cats and canaries. She does not even object when her scientific spouse brings some of his serpents into the dining room and lets them crawl about on the table.

The German scientist prizes his collection of snakes in much the same way that a collector of first editions looks upon his shelves of books. He knows the names and the habits of most of the species of reptiles that crawl the earth, from the smallest and most harmless of garter snakes to the hooded cobra and the monstrous boa constrictor. He knows most about poisonous snakes, however, and he hopes, before he dies, to discover serums which will be antidotes for the bites of more than a dozen breeds of deadly reptiles.

Most of his experimental work is carried on in a laboratory, on the second floor of his residence. There he unpacks the snakes that come to him from all over the world and there he robs them of the contents of their poison sacs to get the deadly fluid necessary to his studies.

Herr Schottler already has succeeded in making serums which will counteract the bites of several snakes and his formulas are in use all over the world, more especially in Africa and India where the annual loss of life from snake bite is heaviest.

More than once the free-lance scientist has been the victim of the fangs of some of his "pets"—for some of his menagerie are difficult creatures to domesticate—but, although these experiences have been painful, the "Snake Man" has always quickly recovered from the attacks by treating himself with the proper amount of his own serums.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Drawing of the Proposed 1,200-Foot Tower for Manufacturing Electricity From Wind Power, as Planned by Honnef, the Famous German Engineer.

Highest Tower for Free Electricity

BERLIN.

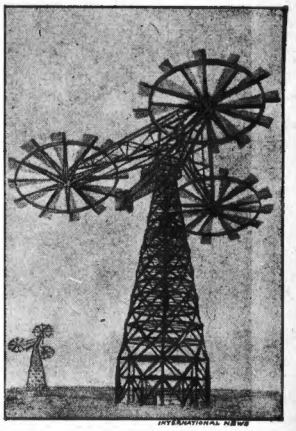
A PLAN for the manufacture of electricity for municipal use, at a cost virtually negligible, has been proposed to the city authorities by Herr Hermann Honnef, famous German engineer, which would give Berlin the highest tower in Europe—a steel frame-work rising more than 1,200 feet above the ground. Herr Honnef, the builder of the famous radio towers at Koenigs Wusterhausen, figures on using the wind at that height to turn enormous wheels for the generation of current. Drawings of two types of towers, each constructed on the same general principle, herewith shown, reveal their picturesque aspects. A tower of this type will be demonstrated at the Chicago World's Fair.

"If the plan is adopted," says the engineer, "my tower will be the first wind tower in the world, and a revolutionary saving in producing electrical current will be put into operation."

The plan, however, is merely a huge refinement of that used on American farms, where big windmills are used to keep storage batteries for lighting and power on the farm, charged.

"The tower," Herr Honnef continued, "will be 240 feet in diameter and it will be capable of producing current of 50,000,000 kilowatts a year. Such a wind tower would produce the cheapest current imaginable. One kilowatt hour of current which costs about 30 cents in Berlin, will only cost one-fortieth of that price, with wind turning the generators."

The engineer has been working on the project for many years and has at last placed a memorandum before President Hindenburg. The memorandum is really a very thick volume of data, and it was turned over to the Minister of Traffic for a report. The reports turned back to the President were so favorable that the government decided to finance the construction of and wheels and towers, according to the engineer's specifications, and the towers, within a few years, may be erected near all the metropolitan centers of Germany. The cost of one tower, complete, will be about three-quarters of a million dollars. The government has added many suggestions to the Honnef plan, and counts on transmission wires to farms, with a sufficient power supply to operate farming machinery as well as light the territory. The farm project even includes the electrical heating of the soil, which, science has proved, becomes more fertile by this process. The government scientists are also including the production by hydrogen through the power supplied by the proposed towers.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Another Design for a Wind-Power Tower, With Its Huge Wheels, Which, When Wind-Driven, Will Turn Gigantic Generators for Municipal Lighting and Trolley Service.

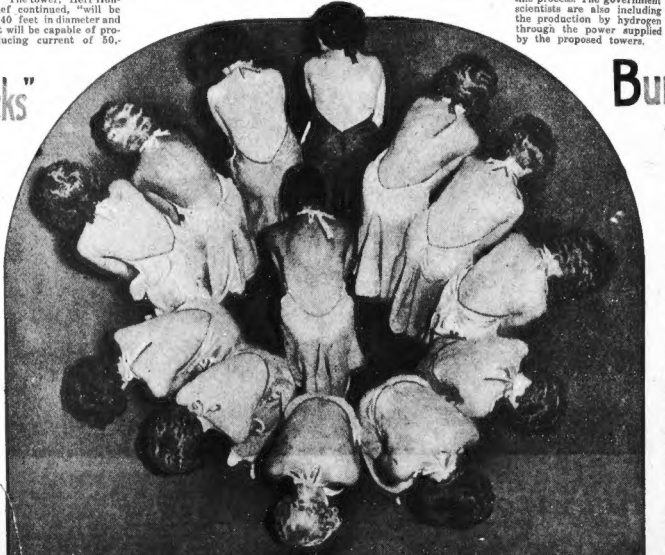
New Rules for "Perfect Backs"

ANNUAL contests to find "the perfect back" are quite commonplace, nowadays, but publicity still attaches to them because they afford attractive photographs of pretty girl entrants. When the 1932 contest was staged in Detroit, Michigan, recently, the officials decided that they would go about finding a perfect back seriously, and that a pretty face, beautiful hair, a neatly turned calf and whatever other beauty assets the contestants possessed would not be considered. Aware of a tendency, even though it be subconscious, of judges to incline to a winning smile, or an even row of teeth, and thus deflect attention from the symmetry of a spine owned by another girl with fewer charms, the officials of the contest, which became a statewide event in Michigan, wrote a set of rules.

The first rule was that the contestants must wear gowns while exhibiting their backs. The gowns must be long and must hide the legs. The next rule required all the girls who were seeking perfect back honors, to turn their faces at all times from the judges, who happened to be physicians. Their parade of backs was to be held over a circular route, in such a way that when the girls passed the judges' stand, their faces were not visible. The final rule was that a "perfect back" was to be judged, not from any superficial beauty, but from characteristics that denoted the owner's health and a flawless spine.

Unlike other contests, Michigan's did not call for the actual measuring of the backs, to find perfect symmetry, straight shoulders, and smooth satiny skin, underlaid by rippling muscles, by the judges themselves. The judges were placed at a distance from the contestants, while attendants did the measuring, and called out the data, which was officially recorded. The girls were entered numerically, and, when the finalists were chosen, their photographs were taken as shown in the accompanying picture. The photograph shows how the new contest rules lined up the entrants. It was considered the fairest and surest of the contests held recently, a real quest for a perfect back—and the big surprise at the finish was the decision of the judges that there were 13 nearly perfect backs in Detroit—all of which are shown on this page.

The trick photography was resorted to because the promoters of the contest wanted a picture small enough to be published without eating up too much space, and yet effective. So the camera man was raised on a small crane, and photographed the entrants from overhead, and thus managed to get them all within a small focus, and to show the beauty lines of each contesting back.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Thirteen Wasn't Considered an Unlucky Number When the Judges of Pretty Backs Picked These Finalists in the State-Wide Contest for the Perfect Back. The Judges, as Will Be Noted, Were Unable to See Faces or Legs.

© 1932, by American Weekly, Inc., Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Buried in Pajamas

LONDON.

ENGLAND was one of the first countries of Europe to popularize the wearing of pajamas in public, at the beaches, and even to social functions and for several seasons, the women who appeared in costumes that had previously been associated with the boudoir, were regarded as a bit bold, just as the British public is looking askance nowadays at those pioneers among femininity who go about publicly smoking pipes. But the pajamas fad "caught on" and women all over the world lost no time in enjoying the comfort and coolness that thin, airy panties provided, especially at the resorts.

But no one, even in the hey day of pajamas, ever dreamed that any woman would want to be buried in such a costume—that is, until the other day when funeral services were held for Miss Hilda Graham, 27, of Bright Street, Darwen, Lancashire, who was killed while motor-cycling with her fiance to Weston-super-Mare for a holiday.

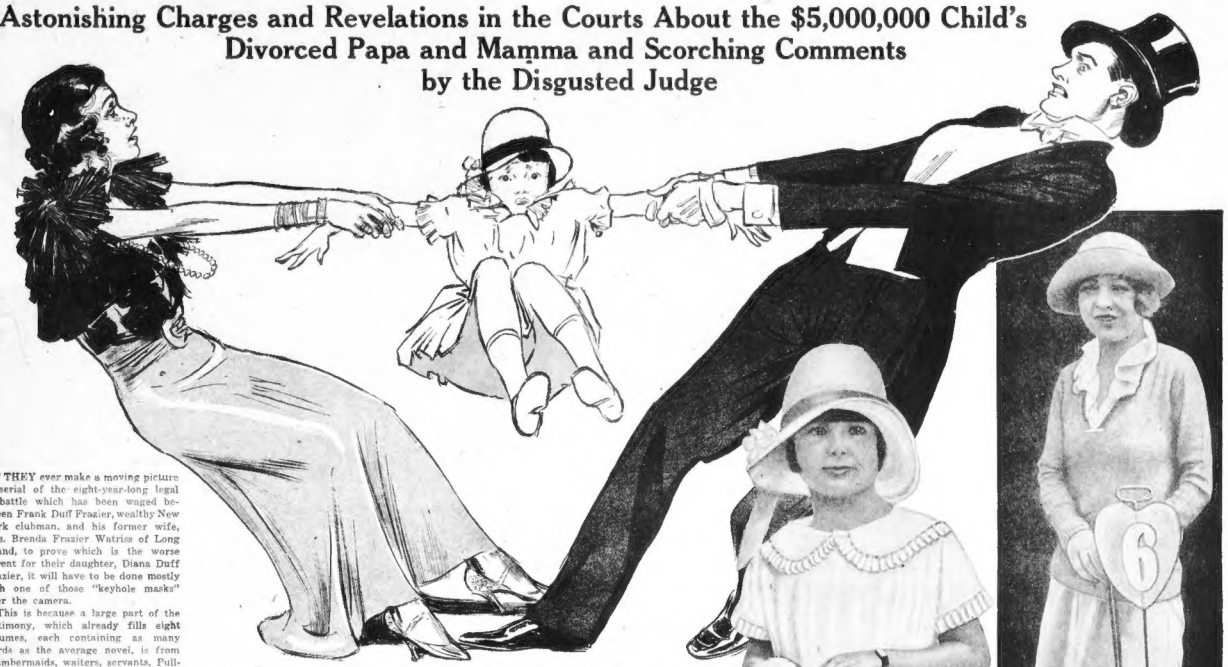
Before she died, Miss Graham requested her relatives to attire her in a suit of pale pink silk pajamas, with blue trimmings, and her request was respected when her injuries proved fatal. Miss Graham was one of those who favored pajamas, but her desire to be buried in them was not a whim which grew out of a popular fashion. The girl was superstitious about the customary shrouds in general use in England—the type that have no fastening in the back. She had always been a firm believer in the resurrection of the body, and had confided to friends that she would never agree to be buried in a shroud, because when Resurrection Day came, she would emerge from her grave only half clad, and would stand embarrassed before the Judgment Seat.

To avoid such an experience, she picked out, on the day before her death, the pajamas in which she wished to be buried.

A similar fear of embarrassment on Judgment Day was expressed by a woman in New York several weeks ago. When she died, relatives discovered among her effects a written list of instructions for her funeral. One of these requests was that she be placed in a coffin the lid of which might be lifted on Resurrection Day—and that the coffin be placed in a pine box, which, under no circumstances, must be fastened, or cemented in the ground.

8 Years' Legal Battle Over Little Diana Frazier

Astonishing Charges and Revelations in the Courts About the $5,000,000 Child's Divorced Papa and Mamma and Scorching Comments by the Disgusted Judge



IF THEY ever make a moving picture serial of the eight-year-long legal battle which has been waged between Frank Duff Frazier, wealthy New York clubman, and his former wife, Mrs. Brenda Frazier Watriss of Long Island, to prove which is the worse parent for their daughter, Diana Duff Frazier, it will have to be done mostly with one of those "keyhole masks" over the camera.

This is because a large part of the testimony, which already fills eight volumes, each containing as many words as the average novel, is from chambermaids, waiters, servants, Pullman porters, stewards, detectives and other "keyhole astronomers." Learned architects were brought in as experts to show whether these peeping Toms, Dicks and Harriets could really have seen through the keyholes what they said they had seen. The peeping and eavesdropping covered various parts of the United States, Canada, France and the Bahama Islands.

Tired and disgusted at refereeing the endless rounds of this legal fight, Judge C. F. Chillingworth of the Florida Supreme Court the other day stopped the fight, awarded the purse, which is the custody of Diana, nine months of the year to her mother and for three months to Mr. Frazier. This did not mean that the court considered the father three times as bad a parent as the mother or even that she is the lesser evil of the two. The judge consulted the preference of the child herself and she said she didn't like her papa's new wife.

But for Diana's influence the decision would evidently have been a draw, as shown by the following excerpts from Judge Chillingworth's decision:

"The record in this case is not of such character that either parent can point to it with unabashed confidence as establishing in his or her belief any superior qualifications for exercising parental rights over an eleven-year-old female child.

"Neither of them is shown by this record to be in a position to commend the child a perusal of its pages for the purposes of enabling her to search out and follow any good example of conduct or character heretofore set by either of them.

"Neither parent appears to have been in the past, nor appears to be now, any paragon of virtue in parenthood, nor can it be said that the mother of the child, even under the improved conditions claimed to exist since her last marriage, is on this record entitled to any more consideration as a parent than the father."

No matter what each has proved against the other, there must be some good in a pair of parents who would fight so long and so desperately, blasting each other's reputation, all for the exclusive custody of their beloved little daughter. The child, however, is worth more than her weight in gold because she is a five-million-dollar heiress. Whoever has Diana's custody has the pleasure of spending for her the income on $5,000,000.

In 1916, Brenda Williams-Taylor, daughter of Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, Director of the Bank of Montreal and Lady Williams-Taylor, met Frank Duff Frazier at Palm Beach. They were married in December of that year and before there was time for much trouble Frazier went away to the war from which he came out a lieutenant.

After an honorable discharge from the army, hostilities began in his married life due, he testified, to the character of his wife's associates. In 1927 was born Brenda Diana Duff Frazier, who, considering the battles to be fought over her, might better have been named Alsace Lorraine. However, diplomatic relations between the parents were not severed until November 7, 1924, when Frazier left his New York home for a football game and never came back.

This act of carelessness moved Mrs. Frazier to declare war by suing him for divorce in New York, charging infidelity. The charge he later testified was "substantially true." But at the time he launched a vigorous counter-offensive, sending an expeditionary force to follow his wife about Europe, where she was touring with her parents. The evidence collected by the detectives composed Volume One of the library of eight, and the hero of this "fiction," as Mrs. Frazier calls it, was her present husband, Mr. Frederic N. Watriss, wealthy New York lawyer, who accompanied the party, unconscious that he was being studied through keyholes.

Before introducing this "white paper" in court, Mr. Frazier generously let his wife read it and perhaps in consideration of such kindness, she dropped her New York suit only to bring another, in Florida, on the grounds of desertion. The decree was granted by Judge Chillingworth in January, 1926, and Mrs. Frazer married Mr. Watriss in March of that year.

The stipulation was that the child should be seven months of the year in the custody of its paternal grandmother, Mrs. Clara Duff Frazier, and the remaining five with its mother. In the event of the grandmother's death, the child was to be divided 50-50 between the parents who, up to that time, had not told the court about each other. Unfortunately the old lady did die in 1926, leaving her grandchild the $5,000,000. Instantly the war broke out again, each parent doing his worst to prove the other no-good morally and unfit to have the custody of an innocent little girl.

Curiously enough, each made almost exactly the same charges against the other and, in the fracas, the new wife and new husband which they had married became liberally plastered with mud.

Each accused the other of being an unfit parent, of drinking to excess, immoral conduct and neglect of Diana's health. Each accused the other of trying to prejudice the mind of the child and each criticised or sought to blacken the characters of the other's spouse and associates. Each denied all the other's charges and between volleys of mud asserted his devouring love for the little one.

Mr. Frazier led off by presenting testimony designed to prove that his divorced wife had been too friendly with her present husband before she married him and while she was still Mrs. Frazier.

The weak spot in the attack was that no matter how bad he might show the mother to be, she was presumably better than no mother at all, and he was a bachelor. In June, 1930, he announced that he had remedied this defect by marrying Miss Marjorie Affleck, 29 years old and theoretically a Grade-A foster mother because she was a trained nurse.

Instead of helping him, the new Mrs. Frazier furnished Mrs. Watriss with a new weapon with which she promptly smote him. The mother hired a squad of detectives and came to court with a bigger and better volume of "key-hole close-ups" to prove that Mr. Frazier had been too friendly with his second [illegible] before he married her. As it seemed a case of the pot calling the kettle black, both sides ran more volumes of evidence.

Diagrams of bedrooms into which the peeping had been done were exhibited to the court. Architects on one side were able to show from the diagrams that the witnesses could have seen just what they said went on. Architects for the other side swore that they could not. Both sides piled up the damaging evidence and for a while the father seemed to be getting a little the worst of the muckraking.

Lady Williams-Taylor, in the conventional role of hostile mother-in-law, testified that Frazier was drunk every night in Nassau shortly before Diana was to be born. She said that at this time his wife had to help him up a steep hill, and that she showed bruises on her neck allegedly made by Frazier.

Lady Williams-Taylor said she had seen Frazier display "drunkenness, rudeness and indifference that would be insulting to any woman, and neglect beyond words."

Frederick J. (Merry) Christmas, Frazier's former butler, testified that he saw his employer drunk three or four times a week and that he drank large quantities of champagne. Theodore Brown, a former bell captain at the Ritz, seems to have qualified as an expert on intoxication. Brown informed the court that he was called by a chambermaid (who also testified) to Frazier's room on the second floor, and found him "raving, imagining that he had killed somebody and the body was sticking out under the bed." The questioning proceeded:

Q. Do you know what D. T.'s are? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Have you ever seen anybody with them? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Will you say whether or not Mr. Frazier had them at that time? A. I think he must have had them, because he acted very, very queer.

Frazier admitted that he used liquor but never to excess, bringing many witnesses including his own physician to back him up. In addition to his alleged precocious behavior with his second wife, Mrs. Watriss charged that besides his regular and more or less respectable residence at 1115 Fifth Avenue, he maintained another apartment at 383 Park Avenue. This she said was kept as a "house of revelry and debauchery where drunkenness and immorality took place." Into this "house of sin and iniquity" he was accused of sometimes taking Diana.

Mrs. Watriss also charged that Frazier had toured Europe with women of unchaste character, visiting notorious resorts at the Rue de Boucy, Rue Bourchardon and Faubourg San Martin, and that in general his conduct with women was not such as to make him a fit father for Diana.

Frazier, when called to the witness stand, denied that this was the case, asserting that he did not associate with women he considered "unchaste" and that he did not make a practice of intimacies with women at the Park Avenue apartment. He did not pretend, however, to have lived a celibate life, and under cross examination admitted that a "Miss D." might possibly have spent a night at the apartment, though he was sure that no other woman had.

There was a wealth of testimony, partly from Frazier himself, about the persecution of a woman named McGonigle, a terrible person who had been a former sweetheart and seemed to prove that all that has been said about a woman scorned is true. It was Frazier's misfortune that the McGonigle lady traveled to Europe on his boat and, according to the evidence, tried to crash into his stateroom most every night and threatened to make trouble. As soon as he reached Paris, Frazier made arrangements with a detective bureau to station men outside his hotel room to keep "the McGonigle" away.

Behind this line of defence Christmas said that his master was carrying on affairs with a great number of women. He could remember only 22 but then he was not paying special attention.

Frazier denied the assortment of charges against him but the judge thought there must be some fire with such a terrific amount of smoke and cut the father's time allowance with the daughter down to only two weeks out of the year. This defeat inspired Frazier to collect more volumes of testimony, not only attacking his wife's morals and sobriety but getting after her second husband whom he called a "consistent and heavy drinker." He "proved" it with witnesses and Watriss "disproved" it with others.

Mr. Frazier described his former mother-in-law, Lady Williams-Taylor, as:

"A woman of extraordinarily poor character; she is what you might call a master at innuendo; she can turn any remark into something with a risque meaning; she tells many stories that are off color. Well, her general reputation with men is very bad; she receives presents, expensive presents from men; I think her influence is distinctly harmful to a young person."

In Nassau, Frazier testified, he saw Lady Williams-Taylor unclothed before her mirror with the door left open.

Lady Williams-Taylor, then 61 years old, came gaily into court to deny everything. She astonished the judge by addressing him as "Your Lordship" and to prove how good she was, listed some of the social lions and lionesses who had visited her in Montreal. These included the Infanta Beatrice and Alfonso of Spain (first cousins of the throne); Lord Burnley of England; J. H. Thomas, head of the British Labor party; Lloyd George and Dame Margaret Lloyd George; "my great friend" Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University; William Taft; Lord Robert Cecil; the Grand Duke Alexander; Richard Bennett, the actor.

Lady Williams-Taylor showed herself to be a strong character, and expressed her opinions freely. Waving aside her attorney, who was rising with an objection to a certain line of questioning, she said:

"Let him alone—he is so silly!"

She denied categorically the slurs cast on her character by witnesses. She was questioned regarding her use of liquor.

Q. Do you use intoxicating liquors?" A. I do not.

Q. Do you drink cocktails? A. I do not.

Q. You do not drink cocktails? A. I have taken cocktails, but I do not drink cocktails.

In response to further questioning she said that she had probably "taken" a dozen cocktails in her life.

The court's latest decision is to increase the father's time allowance with Miss Diana from two weeks to 90 days, but either side can reopen the case with new evidence. It is hoped, however, that both parents will calm down before Diana is old enough to understand what Papa and Mama are telling on each other.

Mr. Frank Frazier, Father of the Poor Little Rich Girl, Watching a Tennis Match at Palm Beach.

Little Miss Diana Frazier, $5,000,000 Heiress, With More Money Yet to Come, Who Has Been Pulled and Hauled in the Courts in the Endless Squabble Between Her Father and Her Mother.

Mrs. Frederic Watriss, Former Wife of Frazier and Mother of the Child.

© 1933, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Persecuted Races

The Recent

The Wholesale Massacre of the Christians In the Circus at Rome, When 5,000 Persons Were Put to Death At One Time by Crucifixion and Other Tortures In Front of the Infamous Emperor Nero, His Empress and Courtiers. From the Painting by Jan Styka.

An Incident in the Last Massacre of the Armenians by Order of the Sultan of Turkey—Unhappy Survivors Trying to Save Their Pretty Daughters From the Turkish Raiders by Burying Them In the Sand. By Permission of the Armenian Relief Committee.

The Mongols On Their Great Raid Through Asia and Europe, When They Slaughtered Millions of Helpless People and Used Some of the Women They Had Captured to Drag Their Wagons. Painting by O. D. V. Guillonnet.

© 1933 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

THE reported persecution of Jews in Germany by the new Hitler government reads like chapters of earlier days of barbarism and sometimes wholesale butchery. In olden times it was common for a victorious race to exterminate a weaker one, or for the followers of a triumphant religion to stamp out people of a different faith.

It was in Asia that the greatest massacres and persecutions began, and it was in Asia that they last happened. Vast hordes of Huns, Mongols and Tartars assembled in remote breeding grounds in Central Asia, and century after century swept over the civilized world, both Asiatic and European, destroying entire cities with all their inhabitants, men, women and children. The Mongols, it is admitted, have a ferocious cruelty when excited not equaled by any other race.

They roamed over the world in resistless swarms, slaying, ravishing and burning, living in tents and supporting themselves by pillage as they went. They did not need the cities and dwellings of their victims, and having satiated themselves with blood and loot, they struck their tents and passed on to new fields of destruction.

It is estimated that over 30,000,000 people were slaughtered in the Asiatic invasions of Europe during the three centuries following the fall of the Roman Empire. Attila the Hun, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane became in turn the terrors of mankind—"the scourges of God."

Massacre and persecution were not, of course, exclusively the work of Asiatics. The Roman Emperors attempted to exterminate the early Christians. From Northern Europe, Goths and Vandals swarmed down on the centres of decadent Roman civilization, pillaging and slaughtering.

But Western Europe and America have in recent centuries grown unaccustomed to massacre except in scientific military form. The last extermination of a people, that of the Armenians in Turkey, was in Asia. The "pogroms" against the Jews in Russia were something like the race massacres of old, but Russia is almost Asiatic.

The greatest of all religious persecutions was perhaps that by which successive Roman Emperors sought to exterminate the young Christian church. The Emperor Nero, fearing that his people would rebel against him for his own misdeeds, endeavored to throw the blame on the poor Christians and sacrificed hundreds of thousands of them as a spectacle in the arena. Some were crucified like their Saviour, others were fed to the wild beasts and others were burned alive on poles wrapped in tow and pitch—"the living torches of Nero" these last were called.

The terrible scenes in the Circus Maximus at Rome under Nero have been wonderfully described by the great Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis."

Other emperors no less mad and cruel than Nero—Diocletian, Caligula, Caracalla, Elegabalus—also sacrificed Christians and gave fantastic spectacles in the Circus. There were ten "great persecutions." Reliable authorities state that under Diocletian the inhabitants of whole cities were massacred because they had declared themselves Christians. The entire church seemed destined to extermination when providentially the Emperor was forced to abdicate. The massacres under this Emperor exceeded those under all the others put together. A historian states that he was punished for his sins, for he died "consumed by an invisible and God-sent fire."

Persecution of the Jews in Europe broke out with cruel severity at the time of the Crusades. The leaders of that great but disorderly movement, inflamed with unbalanced religious zeal and in need of money for their enterprise, turned to the pillage and destruction of the Jews.

The fact that this race was held responsible for the death of the Saviour helped to inflame the religious zealots. Many unscrupulous men, simply animated with a desire for plunder, seized the opportunity to join with the religious fanatics. Even the famous Duke Godfrey of Bouillion, regarded as the noblest of the Crusaders, took part in hunting down the Jews in 1096.

"Duke Godfrey swore a great oath that wherever he came he would revenge the blood of his God upon the blood of Israel and leave of the seed of our people neither remnant nor fugitive," says the old Jewish chronicler, Efraim ben Reb Jacob.

"The cruel Count Emicho attacked the great Jewish congregation of Mainz. They gave him 100 marks of silver and seven pounds of pure gold. But it was of no avail. The enemies first overwhelmed the Jews with stones and arrows and then hewed them down with their swords. When those in the inner chambers saw the great patience of these saints, they cried: 'The time has come.' The women girded their loins with strength and slew first their sons and their daughters and then themselves. Many men, too, plucked up courage and slew their wives and their children and their servants.

"Gentle and delicately nurtured women slew each her favorite child. Men and women slew each other. And girls and young men who were betrothed, looked out of the window and cried: 'Behold, O God, what we do to sanctify Thy holy Name and to avoid being forced to acknowledge the Crucified.'

"Some slew and some were slain; the streams of their blood flowed and the blood of men was commingled with that of their wives, of fathers with that of their children, of brothers with that of their sisters, of teachers with that of their pupils, of children and babes with that of their mothers. Ask whether since the days of Adam there was a martyrdom like this. Eleven hundred were sacrificed on one day."

The slaughter of the Jews during the Crusades was repeated in Ham and Sully and Carentan in France. The famous King Richard the Lionheart, of England, tortured and robbed many Jews in order to pay for his pious enterprise of rescuing the Sepulchre of the Saviour from Moslem hands in Jerusalem.

The slaughter went on in many of the towns and hamlets of England, and especially in the ancient city of York, where at their own request, Rabbi Jomtov slew sixty of his brethren lest they incur the danger of apostasy under torture. One pious and repentant Christian bishop caused the dead bodies of the slain Jews, and the legs and arms and toes and thumbs that had been hacked from living Jewish bodies to be gathered in a wagon and washed and anointed and buried in his garden.

The persecution of the Jews in the Middle Ages was apparently more severe in Germany than anywhere else, although Spain witnessed outbreaks of long and cruel severity.

"In the fourteenth century in more than three hundred and fifty parishes in Germany the Jews were slain, drowned, burned, broken on the wheel, strangled, buried alive," says the distinguished writer, Lion Feuchtwanger, who is now forced to keep out of Germany on account of the Hitlerite excitement.

"Most of the survivors had wandered into Poland. Since then their numbers were few in Holy Roman Empire. To every six hundred Germans there was one Jew. Under the refined extortions of the people and the authorities, they lived anxious, straitened, obscure, at the mercy of every caprice. Handwork and every free vocation was interdicted to them, and the official regulations drove them into the most complicated and difficult forms of chaffering and usury, restricted their purchase of necessaries, did not let them shave their beards, confined them to a ridiculous and shameful garb, pressed them into narrow quarters, barred the gate of their ghettos, locked it up, evening after evening, and guarded their going in and coming out.

"Pressed close together they sat; they multiplied, but they were granted no more space. And because they could not expand their buildings horizontally, they piled them on high, story upon story. Ever narrower, darker, more winding became their streets. Neither tree nor grass nor flower had room; they stood in each other's light, without sun, without air, in thick disease-bearing dirt. They were separated from the fruitful earth, from heaven, from verdure. The wandering wind was trapped in their drab, stinking streets, the high, toppling houses barred their view of the drifting clouds, the blue sky."

The government of the Czars in Russia in modern times subjected the Jews to a policy of cruel oppression that reached its climax in the large city of Kishinev in southern Russia, in 1903. Of the inhabitants nearly half, about 50,000, were Jews. Organizations known as "Black Hundreds" planned "pogroms" and deliberately set out to destroy the unhappy victims of religious fanaticism in Kishinev and other towns. During one brief outbreak in Kishinev in 1903 more than 75 persons are said to have been killed and 275 wounded, while 2,000 families were ruined and 600 stores looted. Similiar outrages occurred in Odessa, Kieff and other towns at this time and earlier. Thousands died from injury and starvation.

Women and little children were destroyed in their own homes at Kishinev with atrocities that cannot be printed. Not content with killing their victims, the supposed religious fanatics carried away their valuables.

It so happened that the Kishinev pogrom occurred just as the disastrous Russian war against Japan was coming to an end. Many a Jewish soldier returning from fighting for the Czar, and perhaps wounded, came home to find his wife and children murdered and his home wrecked. The excuse for the persecution of the Jews was that the Russian peasantry was suffering through the misgovernment of the Czar's officials. The Grand Dukes were then ruining the country by their extravagance, corruption and dissipation. In order to turn attention away from themselves, they encouraged the people to attack the Jews and made them believe that they were the cause of the poor man's sufferings.

The continuous massacre of the Armenians begun by the late Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey and completed by his successors is the outstanding event of this character in modern days. It is the only one which compares in magnitude with the great massacres of ancient times under the Huns and the Mongols.

Armenia was an ancient Christian country with a history going back long before the time of Christ. Through an unfortunate chain of events they had become subject to the Sultan of Turkey, and their only fault was that they were dissatisfied with the government of the Sultan, which was the worst in the world.

He then deliberately planned to exterminate them. For this murderous work he employed mainly the savage Kurds, who lived a wandering life in Armenia and the adjoining parts of Turkey. He supplied them with arms and money.

Continued on Next Page.

© 1933, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Has an Appetite for Hardware, Glass and Gravel

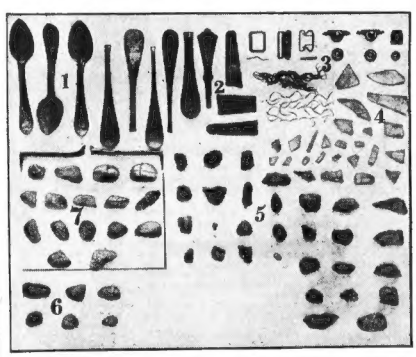
Young Mr. Hoelzel Lives in the Laboratory of Chicago University Where the Scientists Feed Him Glass Beads, Steel Bolts, Rubber Tubing, Sand, Gravel—and Watch Them on Their Travels Through Stomach and Intestines

Mrs. Frank J. Schwing, of Stockton, California, and Baby Charlotte. Mrs. Schwing Sneezed, Swallowed a Needle, Was Married 3 Months Later, and 10 Months Later She Gave Birth to Baby Charlotte and the Needle Was Found in the Baby.

Mr. Frederick Hoelzel, Who Has the Most Remarkable Appetite and Digestion Ever Recorded.

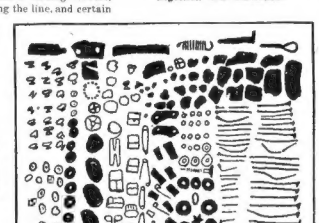
Diagram Showing Where 55 Needles Emerged From the Body of a Woman Hospital Patient.

Mr. Hoelzel Is Shown Eating a Heaping Plate of Cotton Batting Which Has Been Generously Sprinkled With a Handful of Sand and the Gritty Mess Flavored With Some Syrup Poured Over It. Mr. Hoelzel Carries on His Diet Experiments in the Laboratory of the University of Chicago. As a Joke It Was Reported Around the College That a Cook, With Full Faith in His Digestive Powers, on One Occasion Fried in a Batter a Small-sized Monkey Wrench and Offered It Along With the Glass Beads, Rubber Tubing, Threads of String and Silk and Miscellaneous Hardware.



These Articles Were All Found in the Stomach of a Patient Who Died of Inanition.

1—Three Teaspoons and Six Handles of Dessert Spoons. 2—Three Handles of Tin Cups. 3—Pieces of Mattress Wire, Buckles and Buttons. 4—Twenty-five Pieces of Glass. 5—Thirty Stones of Various Sizes. 6—Six Stones From Intestines After Death. 7—Sixteen Stones Passed Before Her Death.



Some of the 231 Foreign Substances Taken From the Stomach of a Man Who Died of "Indigestion."

A LITTLE "grit" in the spinach or on the strawberries spoils the dish for most people. But Mr. Frederick Hoelzel enjoys a heaping dish of cotton batting liberally sprinkled with a handful of sand and lubricated with a little syrup poured over it. Most any kind of hardware suits Mr. Hoelzel's appetite, and he relishes heaping dishes of glass beads, platters of rubber tubing, a plate of gravel from the garden walk, and plentiful helpings of strands of knotted thread and string, dipped in paraffin.

Mr. Hoelzel lives in the laboratory of the University of Chicago, and he eats these things for the enlightenment of science.

For five years he has been eating these balanced rations of glass, metal, cotton and rubber with scientific relish. It was jokingly reported around the college that the cook who fixes him up the meat, potatoes, vegetables, soup, etc., that go with his hardware diet, on one occasion fried a small-sized monkey-wrench in batter and offered it, confidently believing that this human ostrich could digest anything.

There are a good many things which are not thoroughly understood about the machinery of digestion. Some substances and articles are swallowed and pass along through the winding intestines without making trouble, some things stick here and there along the line, and certain other articles accumulate until an inflammation sets up in the stomach or bowels and the patient is likely to die.

Some very remarkable instances of strange things that have happened from swallowing hardware and other junk have astonished the doctors. The remarkable experience of Mrs. Frank J. Schwing, of Stockton, California, has puzzled the medical world. While busily sewing one day with a needle in her mouth, she sneezed suddenly, swallowed the needle and after worrying about it for a few days, forgot the episode. It was a two-inch cambric needle.

Three months later she married, and ten months later gave birth to a baby girl, and the needle was in the baby.

While that particular needle swallowed that day when she was caught with a choking sneeze was not tagged for identification, yet it seemed that the one in the baby was the identical needle swallowed by the mother.

Crazy people occasionally take to swallowing all sorts of junk. An inmate of the State Insane Asylum, in Oklahoma, died of acute indigestion, and no wonder. When the doctors examined the dead patient they found 231 different indigestible things in the lunatic's stomach. There was an assortment of nails, screws, rings, washers, nuts, safety pins, trousers buckles, glass beads, collar studs and pieces of jewelry. The whole outfit weighed nearly two pounds.

Mr. Hoelzel, who has cultivated his remarkable appetite in behalf of science, has not yet undertaken the devouring of pins, needles, nails, screws and sharp-pointed tacks. If and when his experiments reach these articles of hardware it might be possible to trace the course of a needle through his anatomy, and thus throw some light on the interesting case of Mrs. Schwing and her baby. He might clear up some of the mystery in the case of an insane woman who managed to elude the eyes of the nurse in the hospital and kept on swallowing needles. The doctors made a diagram from their records, and constructed a chart showing the spots where 55 needles emerged from the body of this woman who had swallowed at least a hundred needles.

Mr. Hoelzel, who is now forty-four years old, receives no pay from the university, merely a very small room in the laboratory, his bedding and his meals, including the hardware, etc. This is no better than the rewards given the rats, guinea pigs and other subjects that live in cages on the floor above. The principal difference is that one has the privilege of leaving his cage while the others have not.

Though there is no competition in this profession of playing jokes on his digestive tract, it is hardly a profitable one. At that Hoelzel managed to make a small fortune through some of his earlier experiments, which made it possible to invent a tasty but absolutely non-nutritious bread useful for diabetics and for fooling the stomachs of ladies who wish to be thin. He sold the formula for enough to supply his simple wants for the rest of his life, only to lose it all in the Wall Street crash of 1929. Since then he has had to depend on this payless job with its lodging and meals that are not only square, but sometimes round and pointed. The following is a list of strange side dishes, some of which he eats most every day except Christmas, when he takes only food with his meals.

Ten to twenty-five pellets of metal.
One hundred strands of knotted thread.
Steel bolts and nuts.
Gold.
Rubber.
Talcum powder.
One thousand glass beads with salt and water by the spoonful.
Tablespoonfuls of sand.
Cotton batting with sand flavored with syrup.
Knots of string dipped in paraffin.
Pieces of rubber tubing, with Italian sauce, like spaghetti.
Aluminum, steel, silver, gold and gravel, mixed.

Curiously enough, few of these things cause indigestion or even discomfort, if taken in moderation. He found that a spoonful of glass beads passed through quickly and without the slightest symptoms. This fact made him reckless enough to eat 1,000 at one sitting, moistened with a little water and seasoned with salt. The result was an intestinal obstruction from which the doctors said he was lucky to escape alive. Sand proved to be perfectly harmless until one day he became gluttonous and swallowed half a cupful, bringing on another obstruction. But the closest he ever came to the grave was from half a cupful of talcum powder, which turned to a sort of concrete in the intestines. It was months before he got rid of the last of that.

Everyone has heard that the heavier the biscuit, the harder on the digestion, and that holds true of everything else. Cotton batting gives Hoelzel no more trouble than the same quantity of bran. Rubber tubing, thread and knotted strings, dipped in paraffin, pass along with no disturbance, as do cork and glass beads in moderation. When he eats metals, it is another story, except with aluminum, which passes through with the other light stuff in twenty-four to thirty-six hours. A steel ball from a bicycle bearing, the same size as the glass bead and the aluminum pellet needs a week and a gold one may not appear for a month.

X-ray photographs and fluoroscopic observations of Hoelzel's intestines revealed, among other interesting things, how easily the glass, aluminum and other light objects travelled along with the normal contents of the intestine, climbing the high spots without any extra exertion by the peristaltic muscles. But when the steel ball came to one of those uphill passages, it fell back again and again. And how the heavy gold balls ever made the grade is hard to account for.

Mr. Hoelzel warns everyone not to repeat any of his experiments except under medical supervision. In the first place he has a powerful and unobstructed digestive tract, which seems willing to take an astonishing amount of practical joking. Even so, he has several times been pretty close to the cemetery. When he feels anything going wrong, the X-ray is always handy to show the doctors what the trouble is. If an iron bolt has gotten lodged crosswise or a mass of beads is blocking traffic, they know just how and where to manage them loose. Should that fail, a surgeon is ready to get right in with his knife.

This man, who has given up his life to working for nothing in the interest of science, began at eighteen. At that time, in training for a marathon run, he became suspicious of the real merits of training diets. At the time there was considerable vogue for a "diet sand," three pounds for a dollar. Young Frederick tested this sand and found it 99 per cent profit and the value zero.

There were all sorts of other fads. Vegetarians were preaching that meat was not fit for human beings to eat. Fletcherizing had been carried to a point where all solids were chewed to a sort of soup in the mouth, and some zealots went through the motions of "chewing milk." Others exhorted everyone to stop eating once a year and fast for a week or more, and someone came out with a new sort of diet every day. He tested them all.

On May 27, 1925, Hoelzel undertook to outfast a man named Levanson, who, under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution, fasted for thirty-one days. Hoelzel managed to abstain from food for thirty-three days. He broke his fast with the juice of an orange, a quart of red raspberries with half a pint of cream, then capped it all with three-quarters of a pound of porterhouse steak, fried.

His second fast lasted forty-two days. In the last few days of the fast he spent his time reading food recipes, he says. From 144 pounds his weight dropped to 107. On the eighth day of gorging after his fast he had regained twenty pounds. By the twelfth day he weighed four pounds more than he had at any time. And after twenty-three years of using his body as a catch-all for anything and everything that struck his fancy, Hoelzel is most positive about one point, and that is: "Never go on a diet or fast."

To prove his contention, he draws attention to the many movie stars who find themselves in sanitariums after undergoing strenuous diets. This man who, in his own words, has fasted to end all fasting, says that as a weight-reducer it is futile. As soon as you stop your fast the system never gives you a moment's peace till it has made you give back each pound of flesh and usually collected a little interest. But the bad effects of a fast are permanent. The tissues of the body cannot be torn down like that and rebuilt without damage, he believes.

Hoelzel shows the ravages of his fasts and diets. His hands are like those of an invalid, white, blue-lined and bony, his Adam's apple stands out from a scrawny neck, and his skin is colorless except for a network of fine blue lines, especially under his eyes.

"Never fast, never diet," he urges. "If you must take off weight do it by balanced meals, half meat and half vegetables, guarding carefully against overeating."

As a consumer of hardware, Hoelzel is no match for William "Hardware" Bartell, who made a living in vaudeville by swallowing most anything that would go down his throat. But, in 1924, at the Logan Square Theatre, in Chicago, an iron spike gave him a fit of indigestion that sent him to the hospital. The surgeons removed from his stomach 276 articles, including the following:

Twelve upholstery tacks, 110 nails, 2 iron nuts, 3 screws, 4 tack heads, 66 safety pins, 22 paper clips, 4 bolts, 1 curtain hook, 1 can opener, 1 beer check, 2 washers, 1 .22-calibre cartridge, 1 .38-calibre, 1 dime and 33 thumb-tacks.

The stomach had become toughened like a chicken's gizzard, and was not punctured by any of that hardware. But the collection of junk, weighing more than a pound, had gotten too heavy for the lower organs to support.

© 1933, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Where the Ladies Do All the Work

IN spite of almost superhuman courage, hardship and persistence, no man has yet succeeded in climbing to the top of Mount Everest in the Himalaya Mountains. Several expeditions have almost reached the summit, but the frightful cold, howling winds, drifting snows and thinness of the air have baffled the explorers even though they carried oxygen to make up for the lack in the atmosphere.

Sir Percival Phillips, a British traveler and correspondent, went part way up the mountain and in describing his trip reveals the curious fact that in these mountains, which are called "the roof of the world," it is the women who are the sturdy, tireless workers, while their husbands and brothers stand about and watch the ladies labor.

Slowly we rose, foot by foot, he writes, breathing heavily

In Darjeeling, in the Himalayas, the Native Women Do All the Work, Carrying the Luggage of Guests and Freight to the Hotel While the Men Stand Around Loafing.

in the rarefied atmosphere—the porters breathing heaviest of all in the hope of extra tips—until at last the goal was reached. There before us were the welcome words: "Mount Everest." An intrepid manager had added the word "Hotel," so that there would be no mistake.

This climb is accomplished daily for the benefit of travellers arriving at Darjeeling by the world's most comic toy train. They find the principal hotel perched high above them, and to reach it they must add another stiff climb to the 7,000 feet of altitude acquired since leaving Siliguri five hours before. The object in describing it is to reveal the curious fact that all my porters were women.

The director of transport was a wrinkled dame who is certainly a grandmother, the dozen other females under her command ranged down the years to a shy miss of fourteen who carried a typewriter between her shoulders as though to the manner born. Their arrival at the hotel lobby was witnessed with languid interest by a group of men, possibly their fathers and husbands, who stood about on the terrace in attitudes of extreme boredom. They only showed signs of animation when silver coins were counted into the grimy palm of the mistress of transport.

Women are the workers in this section of the Himalayas. They not only perform the duties of pack horses between the railway station and hotels of this perpendicular town; they do all kinds of other heavy jobs as well that usually fall to the lot of the men in less high-minded communities. Bent almost double under heavily laden baskets, they are as familiar in the lop-sided, up-ended streets as taxicabs in a modern city. They carry coal from grimy depots presided over by grimier women, act as delivery vans for the shops in the bazaars, shift building materials for authoritative foremen, even mix the mortar and break the stones.

They are all of the Mongol type, slant eyed, flat-cheeked and sturdy, with coarse black hair combed down the middle and woven into thin plaits which they loop over their heads when on active service. They look alike to strangers from the plains, but an expert can classify them at a glance as Nepalese, Sikkimese, Lepchas, Bhutias, or Tibetans. All these varieties of hill people are to be found in Darjeeling.

Some of the younger members of the Amazons' brigade are comely and intelligent-looking. When off duty and gossiping over their baskets beside the road they become animated and even gay. Nothing amuses them so much as the amazement of a foreigner on first being surrounded by a dozen or more members of their guild, all chattering at once and clamoring to carry his luggage.

The men are mostly content to lead a life of ease and let the women work. You see unmistakable Tibetan coolies, in padded jackets and clumsy conical caps with fur flaps, hauling jinrickshas up and down the tilted roads, two pulling and two pushing, and all four wheezing asthmatically to awaken the compassion of their fare. This is certainly hard work. But the majority of the males in the bazaars simply sit in the sun and look on. Asked if the men ever did any work, a resident replied: "Yes, now and again, in their spare time."

One occupation they deign to accept as worthy of high-born hillmen: that of porter for the expeditions that attempt to scale such peaks as Everest and Kanchenjunga, and they wander up the Tibetan passes on other missions. The forthcoming new attempt to Mount Everest has stirred the male population of Darjeeling. Professional porters have come in from northern villages to offer their services. It means good pay and food for at least five months, and no hardships that can be reckoned as such by the dwellers on the Roof of the World.

Women do the roadmaking and help to build bridges. They are to be seen on the mountain lanes that serve for roads, carrying bags of ballast, smoothing down the new surface with little shovels, and taking their ease at intervals with cigarettes in long holders stuck between their black-ended teeth. They cling like flies to the tea plantations laid out at dizzy angles above the valleys; they even mend cars and pump up tires at primitive service stations consisting of a water tank and ramshackle wooden sheds poised on the edge of nothing.

The women can go anywhere and do anything. Probably they could climb Everest without the least difficulty.

In the Himalayas, as in many other parts of the Far East as well as the Near East, a new bride always receives as a wedding present a good, strong rope. In the house they are going to occupy the bridegroom always hangs up this rope in full view—as a symbol of his authority.

The idea behind the symbol is not that the husband is going to take the rope and beat his wife with it, or that he is going to hang her with it if she gets too disobedient. The rope is symbolic of the woman's labor; she must use it when she slings a heavy pack on her back, when she drags a sled across the snow in Winter, or when she ties up a bundle of cordwood with it. Since earliest times the rope has been a symbol that the women must do the work.

Shot His Fiancee and Her Girl Friend "For the Fun of Kiling"

BEFORE he went to his execution for killing his fiancee and another young woman near Nairobi, Africa, Charles William Ross confessed that he "killed them for the fun of killing."

Young Ross was the 20-year-old son of Major Ross, of the British Army, the famous big game hunter. He had inherited the blood-lust from his father, who had slaughtered hundreds of animals, and young Ross himself had spent long weeks in the African bush and jungle living and hunting with savages. Impelled by the same terrible frenzy that drove him to run wild with savage tribesmen and kill vast numbers of animals for the sheer joy of killing, Ross shot the two girls in the jungle near the crater of Menengai volcano.

The youth was a native of the English colony at Nairobi, where his father, for some time prior to his death, several years ago, served as game warden for the British Government. In this job Major Ross could indulge his passion for animal slaughter and at the same time be paid for it, for there were thousands of wild beasts to be killed. His son went on hunting trips with him and shared his father's lust for blood. On one occasion young Ross went off on a hunting trip alone and came back, smeared with blood, carrying the hide of a hyena he had skinned. His friends thought that was peculiar, for the hide was useless, and nobody else around Nairobi had ever taken the trouble to skin a hyena. Often when young Ross shot a wild animal he would run up to the dying beast and slash and stab it repeatedly with his hunting knife.

In all other respects the youth seemed to be perfectly normal. He was not high tempered, like his brothers, but was rather of a quiet and meditative type. The only complaint which has mother had against him was that he sometimes disappeared for weeks at a time, when he went off into the bush to look up his friends among the savage tribesmen near Nairobi. He had been made a "blood-brother" of the Masai tribe, and was very proud of that distinction.

In spite of these eccentric habits young Ross was well liked and he was engaged to marry a pretty English girl, Miss Winifred Stevenson, twenty years old, of the settlement at Naluru, not far from Nairobi. Visiting in Miss Stevenson's home was another young Englishwoman, Miss Margaret Keppie, who had just come to the colony from England to take a position as a prescription clerk. It was purely by accident that Miss Keppie went along with young Ross and his fiancee on the automobile ride which ended in the double murder.

Evidently Ross had carefully planned every detail of his crime, but he had intended to kill, in addition to his fiancee, not her girl friend, but her brother, Donald. He had hired an automobile in Naluru, supposedly for the purpose of making a trip to the larger town of Nairobi, and then he went to a shop and bought supplies for a camping trip. These included, besides the food, drinks and cigarettes, "three silk shawls, one bed-spread, a pair of sheets, six handkerchiefs, two bottles of scent, a box of face powder, a bottle of face cream, four cushions." The Colonial police later found in Ross's room a list of these things and also a memorandum, headed "Personal," which listed two knives, a revolver and a gag. It seemed Ross had planned to do his killing at a rather luxuriously equipped camp in the jungle.

At Last, in Desperation, the Authorities Brought in a Native "Witch Doctor," a Woman, Who After "Casting Spells" Led the Police to the Old Volcano—and There Sure Enough, Was the Murdered Miss Stevenson.

However, he did not tell his girl of the camping plans. He merely wrote her a note, inviting her to go with him to the moving picture show in Nairobi, and suggesting that her brother, Donald, go with them. The note to Miss Stevenson seemed a perfectly innocent message from a perfectly normal young Englishman:

"Dear Winnie—If by any chance you are not engaged this evening, may I have the pleasure of taking you to the pictures?

"Should your reply be in the affirmative, would 8:30 tonight be a convenient time to collect you? Please encourage Donald to come along."

The girl replied:

"Dear Bill—Many thanks for your note. I should love to have gone to the movies with you this evening, but it is rather awkward, as Don and mother are going out to dinner and I can't leave Miss Keppie up at the house alone.

"Would you mind if she came along, too? Or would you rather leave it over till a day next week? Let me know what you decide.

"I think I am going to Nairobi at the week-end and so I am quite excited. Cheerio, and again many thanks. Yours in haste, Winnie."

Ross replied as follows:

"Dear Winnie—I suggest it is a stout idea of yours regarding Miss Keppie, and I shall, therefore, be up to collect you at 8:30 p. m."

Instead of taking the girls to the picture show in Nairobi, young Ross drove to the crater of the extinct volcano, Menengai, a deep depression overgrown with trees. There he purposely ran two wheels of his car into a ditch, so that he would have an excuse to suggest using the camp supplies he had brought. This evidently made the girls suspicious, and Miss Keppie tried to get hold of the pistol she knew Ross had in his pocket. In the confession he made Ross told matter-of-factly what followed:

"I admit killing both Miss Keppie and Miss Stevenson for nothing. This was on Thursday night. I shot Miss Keppie near the camp. She was sitting next to me in the car, and she grabbed at my revolver, which was in my left pocket.

"I ordered her out of the car, and took her about 30 yards from the camp. She was about a yard away from me when I shot her. I threw her down a sort of square pit that was near. That was about 9:30 p. m. on the Thursday.

"I then returned for Winnie. I made her get back into the car. She was terrified and wanted to go home, so I told her I would lead the way, and she could follow.

"We got nearly to her home, and she could not go any further. She lay down in the grass under a tree. She did not know what was going to happen to her. I shot her in the side of the head. I had no reason for shooting her. I covered her up and went straight back to the car. I waited in the car till Saturday morning. I had some lemonade and oranges.

"My brother came along and I asked him to take me home on the back of his motor-cycle."

After his return home Ross refused to tell the police or his fiancee's terrified mother what had happened to the girls. He said his mind was a blank as to what had happened.

Miss Keppie's body was found at once when searchers went out, but for nine days Ross, under questioning, stubbornly declined to say where he had hidden the corpse of the girl he had been engaged to marry. All business houses in Naluru closed and the whole town joined in the search, but without result.

At last, in desperation, the police sent for a native "witch-doctor," a woman of the Masai tribe named Mukenye. After suitable incantations and hocus-pocus, Mukenye said that she could see Miss Stevenson at a certain place inside the crater of the old volcano. The girl was alive and well, the "witch-doctor" told the authorities.

They ordered Mukenye to lead them to the spot she had described. The woman did so. And there, sure enough, was Miss Stevenson, but neither well nor alive.

She had been shot to death in the manner later explained by Ross.

At Ross's trial in Nairobi desperate efforts were made to save him on the plea that he was insane and his father had been insane, both the victims of an uncontrollable blood-lust. But the English courts are not in the habit of excusing homicide, as the American ones are, on the grounds of "temporary" or "partial" insanity. Ross was held sane and he was condemned to be hanged.

Mystery of the Ancient "Mound Builders" Explained

THE ancient Mound Builders of America have been a puzzle to scientists. The remains of their huge earthworks in several of the central States have been explored, and it has been pretty well agreed that these mounds were not the workmanship of the wandering tribes of North American Indians found by Columbus and other early explorers.

Dr. Henry C. Shetrone, director of the Ohio State Museum, after a careful study of the ruins of the Mayan, Toltec and Aztec civilizations in Mexico, is convinced that the Mound Builders were related to the prehistoric inhabitants of North America.

Much evidence of this has been uncovered in the past, but the trouble has been, Dr. Shetrone says, that certain specialists have studied the Mexican ruins and other specialists the relics left by the Mound Builders, and they have failed to compare notes with each other.

The earlier theory of American archeologists was that the Mound Builders were people of a distinct race, who had lived from the earliest times in the regions of the mounds and were wiped out by invaders from the north, represented today by the present Indians. But this idea was discarded when it was proved that the Indians of today are the descendants of the Mound Builders, and now Dr. Shetrone has brought forth strong evidence that the Mound Builders, or those who descended from the highly civilized Mayans of Central America, or from the Toltecs and Aztecs, who followed the Mayans.

The Mayans in Guatemala and Yucatan reached a state of culture fully equal to that of the ancient Egyptians, were experts in astronomy, mathematics, architecture and other branches of advanced learning, possibly as long as 2,000 years ago. But for some reason, unknown to present scientists, their civilization declined, the great cities, palaces, temples and splendid roads they built fell into ruins, which today are being uncovered bit by bit by the spades of archeologists in the jungles. The theory is that a stronger tribe of barbarians overwhelmed the Mayans and scattered those who were not made slaves, a thing that has happened many times in the history of the world. Or perhaps a new disease, such as yellow fever, was brought to the Mayans through the contacts they made in foreign commerce, and this nearly wiped out or so weakened the race that it could no longer defend itself.

Dr. Shetrone's theory is that something of this sort happened and the remnants of the Mayans migrated to North America, and that is why so many giant mounds resembling the "pyramids" of Central America are to be found in our Middle Western States. In both cases these structures were built as monuments either to the living or the dead, or as foundations for temples or other sacred edifices.

The same decorative designs, symbols and art motifs are to be found in the ruins and on the pottery, stone slabs and ruins of temples left by the Mound Builders. Pictures of the "Eagle Warriors," humans wearing headdresses in the form of that bird, are found in the art work of both regions. The Mayans left pictures either of burning severed human heads, evidently those of victims, and so did the Mound Builders. In the Central American ruins these pictures are found carved on stone in buildings and temples, but in the mound area they are designs on copper plates and engravings on shell ornaments.

The feathered serpent was a religious symbol of both the Mayans and Mound Builders. The Mayans had a creator god which they called "Kukulcan," a combination of the sacred Quetzul-bird and the snake. The Mound Builders likewise worshiped the serpent and the snake. One of their famous mounds is the "Great Serpent," in Adams County, Ohio. This is a gigantic snake represented as lying upon a narrow ridge between three streams which unite. The cavity of its widely opened jaws measures seventy-five feet across, while the body just behind is thirty feet wide and five feet high, and the total length of the serpentine mound is 1,348 feet. In Wisconsin there are mounds in the shape of eagles which measure 1,000 feet from tip to tip of the wings.

Secrets of A Lunatic Asylum

FAMOUS Broadmoor Lunatic Asylum for Insane Criminals in England is being examined by a committee of mental experts to decide who, and how many of the inmates are now no longer insane and may be safely turned loose. One of the patients who has passed this test and has recently been freed, has related some curious facts about various prisoners among the nearly 1,000 men and women in the great lunatic asylum.

This man, Stephen Watt, now no longer insane, describes a prisoner who has made several thousand dollars a year ever since his incarceration by shrewd financial operations carried out from the private room he occupies, where he is in constant touch with his stock-broker. Yet another patient is a man whose original income of $5,000

Dr. Minor, One of the Distinguished Lunatics, Lived in Fear of "Demons" and Always Had a Large Basin Full of Water Between the Doors of His Two Rooms, Because He Believed That No "Fiend" Could Cross Water and Carry Him Away.

a year has risen to over $25,000 a year by accumulation during the nearly forty years of confinement.

Neither he nor the financial "wizard" is allowed to have any part of their actual wealth in their possession, however, because the rules of the institution forbid it. Any cash that the criminal lunatics there may have, or that may be sent them, is exchanged for vouchers which enable them to buy tobacco and other minor luxuries.

Another remarkable inmate of the asylum, and one of the oldest, is Thomas Henry Townsend, the would-be slayer of Mr. Gladstone. Now nearly 80, he was committed to Broadmoor in 1893, after being found in Downing Street with intent to assassinate the "Grand Old Man" at the time when the Home Rule controversy was at its height.

Of patriarchal appearance, he devoted much of his time to composing letters to the members of the Royal Family, in which he offered immense sums for the endowment of hospitals and other institutions.

Another fellow inmate was an extraordinary madman who, during his 39 years in Broadmoor, assisted in the production of the great Oxford Dictionary.

He was Dr. William C. Minor, a physician and member of a wealthy American family, and he was committed to Broadmoor in 1872 for a murder he perpetrated in London.

This learned inmate of Broadmoor supplied the late Sir James Murray (the first editor of the "New English Dictionary") with between 5,000 and 6,000 of the quotations used in the celebrated lexicon. For a long time Sir James was ignorant of the identity of his contributor, but it was finally disclosed.

The doctor enjoyed the then unique privilege of having a private "suite" and rarely mixed with the other "patients," but used the library constantly in connection with his work for the great dictionary.

Dr. Minor was bald, with a finely shaped head, broad forehead, keen and intelligent blue-grey eyes, hollow cheeks, a thin, silky moustache, and a long, pointed, wavy beard. In fact, he much resembled the accepted appearance of Father Time, or one of the old alchemists. Although he was capable of such intellectual work, he was the victim of all sorts of illusions.

He lived in fear of being carried off either by the devil in person or by lesser fiends, and at his own expense he had a layer of zinc placed under the floor of his living room to prevent evil spirits from making away with him.

He always kept a bowl of water in whichever of his two rooms he might be in, too, on the theory that evil spirits will not cross water. It was not, he used to point out, until Tam O'Shanter got across the river that he was free of the hobgoblins who pursued him during his famous ride.

But it was at night that Dr. Minor's queerest fancies took hold of him. Bedtime at Broadmoor comes at 7:30, and at a few minutes to eight the principal warder on round of the building to see to it that every "patient" is safely between the sheets. Dr. Minor was always there, but next day he would complain that he had been dragged all over the country by the keepers. Nothing could make him believe he had not been.

Among the other famous Broadmoor "patients" were Peter MacLean, the man who attempted to kill Queen Victoria at Oxford; Arthur Prince, who stabbed William Terriss, the actor, to death outside the Adelphi Theatre, and the "Broadmoor Drummer," as the oldest man in the asylum, Peter Murphy, was known.

When Murphy died in 1930 he was 90 and had been in Broadmoor for 56 years. He was sent there in 1875, after being tried at the Old Bailey for malicious wounding. For upwards of 30 years he played the side drum in the asylum band, hence his nickname.

Another Broadmoor inmate, dead recently, who spent 50 years in the asylum, was sent there through stealing a book worth 25 cents! Mary Hirst, who had been at Broadmoor for as long as the "Drummer," was a young mother when in 1876 she was tried at Leeds for killing her child.

In the history of the institution, only two inmates have ever escaped.

One never was heard of again. The other, James Kelly, who escaped in January, 1888, wandered all over the world, constantly in fear of apprehension.

And then, thirty-nine years afterwards, grizzled, footsore and half starved, he reappeared at the asylum gates and begged (successfully) to be allowed to re-enter, saying that he was friendless and dreaded the thought of dying alone.

Broadmoor, like Matteawan, in New York, is the asylum to which criminals are sent if they are acquitted of their crimes by reason of insanity. The prisons of England also send to Broadmoor such of their inmates as have become "stir-simple," as the convicts call a prisoner when he goes crazy in confinement. In recent years Broadmoor has been crowded to capacity, and it has not been able to take care of insane prisoners who are held in various English prisons.

To make room for these patients it is proposed to release from Broadmoor certain of its "criminal insane" who may be discharged as cured.

© 1933, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Seem Just Compelled to Get Divorced at Least Once

Mother Divorced Four Times, Father Twice, Stepmother and Practically All Their Uncles and Aunts Changing Old Mates for New, Sisters Helen and Dorothy Gould Follow Their Example and Simultaneously Get Rid of Their Noble Swiss Husbands

The First Mrs. Frank Gould, Mother of Helen and Dorothy, Who Was Divorced Four Times.

Cousin Gloria Gould, Divorced Once and Remarried.

Cousin Edith Gould, Divorced Once, Now Lady MacNeal.

Aunt Kathrine Clemmons, Who Divorced Uncle Howard Gould.

To Left—Cousin Laura Carter Gould, Who Divorced Uncle George Gould, Jr.,

The Present Mrs. Frank Gould, Formerly Florence Lacaze, Third Wife of the Multimillionaire and Stepmother of Helen and Dorothy.

PARIS, April 22.

TROUBLES run in families.

Generation after generation, some are afflicted by such maladies as tuberculosis, corpulence, gout or heart trouble. Many old English castle owners have been haunted for centuries by ghosts and creditors, and even common people usually inherit Father's homely nose or Mamma's bad feet.

But with the Gould family, descendants of high-handed old Jay Gould, the hereditary affliction seems to be divorce. Being wealthy, they would be in the leisure class, if almost ceaseless activities getting themselves in and out of matrimony did not keep them busy. What reliable and steady customers of the divorce courts these Goulds have become was called to public attention the other day when Dorothy and Helen, two pretty daughters of Frank Jay Gould, started simultaneously divorcing their noble husbands, both Swiss barons.

It has often been thought cute for sisters to have a double wedding, but a double divorce is enough of a novelty for the Goulds to copyright the idea, perhaps.

"Lucky at cards, unlucky at love," is an old proverb of the gambling fraternity, but Frank Gould has managed to be unlucky at both, with two divorces and a disastrous attempt to outdo Monte Carlo, with bigger and better gambling casinos. Mr. Gould had seen the notorious Cornuche do that very thing and die a rich man, with the Legion of Honor, but all Frank got was staggering losses.

Dorothy and Helen are granddaughters of the original money-maker whose business was divorcing people from their money rather than their wives and husbands. However, their father was divorced twice, and their mother, infected by the divorce germ, was divorced four times.

Of the latest pair to break out with the hereditary tendency, Dorothy Gould married in 1925 the Baron Roland de Graffenried de Villars, of one of the oldest families in the Swiss nobility, a peculiar distinction, as the Swiss Republic has only a few titles left over from ancient times. It was considered an ideal marriage, and both papa and mamma, with their rich and varied experience in matrimonial troubles surely gave both daughters expert advice on how to avoid mistakes. It would be doing no more than parents of children who have inherited weak hearts or diabetic diathesis and caution their offspring against violent exercise or wrong diet.

Whatever they said did little good, because Dorothy has brought suit for divorce, alleging "mental cruelty" and "injures graves," a peculiar French expression commonly used in divorce cases and sometimes translated "serious insults." For a man to be seen dining or driving in a car with another woman may be construed as an "injure grave" to his wife, and even a less serious offense may, with the help of a good lawyer, come under that head. The attorney for the Gould heiress is Charles G. Loeb, and for the Baron de Villars, Charles Boccaccio.

The case is said to be very complicated, and the litigation may stretch out for a long time, as has happened before in the Gould family. The Baron, a very smart and well-dressed young man, formerly a war aviator, is now conducting a fashionable dress-making establishment in the Rue de Rivoli. It was said by one person familiar with the case that the Baron might have shown a passing interest in one of his lovely manikins, and that this might have led him to neglect his wife. This, of course, would have been an "injure grave." Such things do not usually lead to divorce in Paris, as it is not considered good form among French wives to be jealous. But Gould heiresses are apt to take such matters seriously.

The Baroness is not asking for alimony, having plenty of money of her own.

The husband that Dorothy's sister Helen doesn't want any more is Baron Jean Daniel de Montemach, also a distinguished member of the rare Swiss nobility. He was supposed to be a particularly serious young man, being an assistant secretary to the League of Nations at Geneva, a position requiring hard work and only given to men of the highest character. No man, for instance, who spent his evenings with chorus girls or manikins would be considered fit for it.

It is reported that he is too serious, perhaps not to the point of "mental cruelty," but at least "incompatibility," of which she accuses him.

The father of these two dissatisfied young wives, Frank J. Gould, married first Helen Kelly, an attractive New York society girl of wealth, granddaughter of Eugene Kelly, the banker. She soon found that Frank had habits that annoyed her, and divorced him. He considered that he had been rudely treated, blamed it on America and took up his residence in France, where he still lives, and has plenty of company in criticising the United States. On a trip to London he met Edith Kelly, a pretty little English vaudeville actress, and, not deterred by the name, married her.

Most of the Gould family, especially the virtuous George, were greatly shocked at this misalliance. Very soon Edith Kelly found that the millionaire did not suit her and left him. For one thing, she said, he didn't spend enough money to satisfy her. For years their squabbles amused two continents. Each employed detectives to spy on the other, and Mr. Gould having more money and being able to employ more detectives won out and obtained his divorce.

Edith, gone but not forgotten, kept right on worrying him for years, until Frank J., in a moment of despair, said, "I might as well be married as the way I am." Edith brought suits in America to cancel the divorce on the ground that she was an American citizen and her rights were neglected. She featured the name of Gould on the billboards of the gayest Parisian theatres and her ex-husband had to bring suit to stop it.

Soon after his second divorce Frank married Florence Lacaze, a handsome French woman who had been on the stage. She has been his partner in establishing the string of unprofitable gambling casinos.

The Gould divorce habit affects those who marry into the family, and Frank Gould's first wife, Helen Kelly, has now beaten the record of all the born Goulds. After divorcing Frank she married and divorced successively Ralph H. Thomas, Prince Vlora of Albania, and Oscar M. Burke, the soap magnate. She now calls herself Kelly again.

The late George Gould, oldest son of Jay Gould, managed to get through many entanglements without being divorced, but he transmitted the family tendency in a high degree to his descendants. In his youth he married Edith Kingdon, a beautiful and talented actress, who carried the family into fashionable society, a feat not previously thought possible.

Mrs. Gould suddenly dropped dead on the golf links at Lakewood a few years ago, and after that it was revealed that while still married to her, George had been living with Guinevere Sinclair, an attractive young English actress. He maintained her on a beautiful estate in the suburbs of New York, only putting in an occasional appearance at the official family homes. After his wife's death he married Guinevere, legitimatized her three children and left her a large fortune. Then death came to him.

George Gould had seven sons and daughters by his first marriage, most of whom have had matrimonial complications. The oldest, Kingdon Gould, married secretly Miss Annunziata Lucci, an Italian governess. George set himself up as a sort of censor on the morals, marriages and deportment of the family, which was probably too much of a job for one man, and may have explained why he mismanaged and wasted so much of the family fortune. George was apparently against almost any kind of a Gould marriage, and many think it was the best idea he ever had. He was against Kingdon's marriage, and for once was wrong, because this couple fooled him and everyone else by sticking together.

Another son, George Gould, Jr., married Laura Carter, a dancing instructress of obscure family, whom he met while enjoying an evening out from the family palace at Lakewood. Once more the elder George protested, Young George and his bride did not agree very long. After a season amid the gayeties of the French Riviera he obtained a French divorce.

While leaning over a gambling table at the Cannes Casino, young George's eyes fell on those of Mlle. Jacqueline Petillot, an attractive little French dressmaker. The result was another unsatisfactory marriage in the Gould family. The divorced wife then married a musical comedy actor.

Edith Gould, daughter of George, Sr., made a runaway marriage with young Carroll Livingston Wainwright, an artist. It ended in divorce and she is now Lady MacNeal, wife of Sir Hector MacNeal, a Scottish knight and shipowner.

Gloria Gould, youngest daughter of the elder George, married Henry A. Bishop. This was called "the ideal love match"—for about a year. Mrs. Bishop was very handsome and a wonderful dancer. Mr. Bishop was a fine athlete.

Soon there was trouble, because, it was said, Mr. Bishop thought his wife danced too well and too much. He did not like her to be a near professional. In particular he did not approve of one of her performances with bare feet and a bit of primitive drapery. Mrs. Bishop said his criticisms were cruelty, and obtained a divorce at Reno. She went on the stage for a time, run a dancing school and is now Mrs. Walter Barker.

Howard Gould, third son of old Jay Gould, did his bit in the divorce courts. He married Kathrine Clemmons, who had been associated with Buffalo Bill, of the Wild West Show. This marriage annoyed George Gould once more. Mrs. Howard Gould started to spend her husband's money with great profusion, they quarreled violently and were separated.

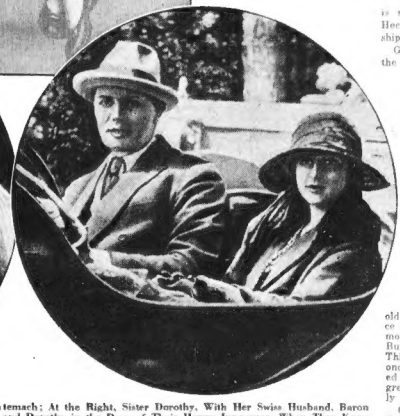
Of the many divorce suits in the Gould family the most celebrated was that of Anna Gould, youngest daughter of Jay, and Count Boni de Castellane. It has passed into history.

He took his bride to France and there started on a social career that has never been surpassed in modern times in extravagance, originality and spectacular effects.

Count Boni hired part of the Bois de Boulogne and a thousand artists to give an evening fete to the three thousand guests. He bought all the famous antiques and pictures in the market at the highest prices ever paid, and startled the world with some new splendor every day.

When George Gould heard of these extravagances he started proceedings to stop them. He must have known something about extravagance himself, for he was afterward proved to have wasted $20,000,000 of his brothers' and sisters' property. After the investigation into Boni's outlays Anna Gould began her divorce suit against him. Of all the Gould divorces it covered the widest field of activities.

In a little over two years Anna Gould married Boni's cousin, the Duke de Talleyrand, descendant of the famous statesman of the Napoleonic period. The Duke and Duchess now occupy the great marble palace in Paris, built by Count Boni, who recently died of a painful illness, poor and lonely, within a few blocks of the splendid mansion he had planned.



At Left, Helen Gould and Her Swiss Husband Baron Jean Daniel de Montemach; At the Right, Sister Dorothy, With Her Swiss Husband, Baron Roland de Graffenried de Villars, and Above, a Picture of Sisters Helen and Dorothy in the Days of Their Happy Innocence, When They Knew Nothing of Divorce Courts.

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

"They can't kid us Jimmy"

Value of Olive Oil As Expert Sees It

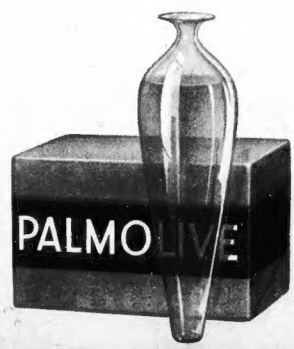
CARL CLICK
Detroit Beauty Expert
says:

"To one who knows how good olive oil is for the skin—as I do—Palmolive is the ideal soap because this amount of olive oil goes into each cake."

"WE keep our eyes open these days, don't we, son? When we buy a cake of soap we want to know what it's made of. We use Palmolive because of what goes into it . . . those rich olive and palm oils—and by what we get out of it, a clear, wholesome skin."

What do *you* look for, when you buy soap? What *should* you look for? Fancy wrappers? No! Fancy odors? No! Soaps that may contain . . . goodness knows what? No! You want a soap whose natural green color is not disguised, a soap about which you are told, frankly: "This soap is made of olive and palm oils. These oils—beauty experts say—are better for your skin than any oils or fats ever put into a soap. This soap contains not one drop of artificial coloring matter . . . no strong, masking perfumes. It is recommended by more than 20,000 beauty experts. Why? Because of its *acknowledged* olive oil beauty formula and its *proven* olive oil beauty results."

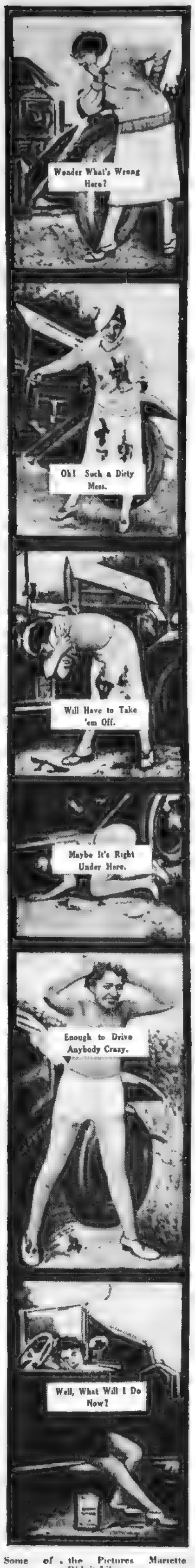
There is *one* soap which answers all those requirements. That soap is Palmolive. And today Palmolive is offered at such low prices that you need never again experiment with question-mark soaps whose beauty claims are mere claims.



Now it costs less to keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

"The Nude, The Rude, and The Prude"

Budapest Police Court Delights Crowded "Audiences" With Free Boudoir Farce With Pretty Actresses That Would Not Be Allowed On the Stage



Some of the Pictures Mariette Didn't Like.

Lucy Somogyi, the Little Dancer at the Budapest Parakeet Cabaret, Who Locked the Court Bailiff Up in the Closet With the Clothes He Had Come to Seize.

Lovely Lucy Leaped Out of Bed Clothed Only in the Towel Her Mother Had Thoughtfully Handed Her. As the Court Bailiff Started to Seize Her Pretty Things Hanging in the Closet, Lucy Rushed at Him, Landed a Punch in the Stomach, and Then With a Dive Like a Professional Wrestler, Backed Him Into the Wardrobe and Locked the Door on Him.

BUDAPEST, April 20.

IT USUALLY costs money to be entertained by actresses, dancers or cabaret beauties, and their behavior and clothing are kept within certain limits by the authorities.

But on two successive afternoons, in a Budapest police court, attractive young ladies gave free and uncensored matinee performances which made playwrights and managers jealous and hugely delighted the free audiences who "packed the house."

The opening bill was a hilarious boudoir farce which might have been called, "The Nude, the Rude and the Prude." The high-spot of the piece was where Lucy Somogyi, nineteen-year-old actress and dancer, jumped out of bed, forgetting her maidenly modesty, to fight with a solemn bailiff who was not only clothed in the majesty of the law but full conventional male attire, plus a badge. In spite of these advantages, the young lady slapped his face and shut him up in a clothes closet from which he had to be rescued by a blushing policeman. The daring and lively lady star is so beautiful that the judge, in passing sentence, took official notice of the fact, expressing wonder that his bailiff could have been rude to this lovely nude.

A playwright would consume much time and coffee in order to get his characters into such a preposterous situation. This is how it came about in real life. Lucy, having read about moratoriums, cancellations and general repudiations of debts, saw no reason why she should not be in style. So she ordered $800 of lingerie and night gowns from a local firm, and when pressed for payment, said she would pay after the depression. But the horrid nightie and underwear concern had to have money to pay its help, so it got a judgment and sent a bailiff with orders from the court to recapture the dainty garments.

Dr. Stephen Papp was a funny sort of bailiff, a university graduate, with the title of "Doctor of Philosophy." But then as the leading comedian of the farce he was supposed to be as funny as possible and most everyone agrees that he was. In civil cases, court officials are supposed to call in the daytime, therefore, how was it that he found lovely Lucy in bed? Easy enough to explain—actresses usually sleep by the light of the sun, especially when, like this one, she has a job in a night club.

When Bailiff Papp called early in the afternoon, the door of the apartment was opened for him by Lucy's mother. When he had stated his unwelcome errand, Mrs. Somogyi entered her daughter's bedroom and broke the news to the sleeping beauty. Lucy, as she explained in court, arose with the intention of putting on a negligee to receive her caller.

A mystery which was not entirely cleared up is why, with all those unpaid for nighties in the closet, the young lady was not wearing one of them. At any rate, she arose, like September Morn, entirely unclothed and was heading for her closet when the bailiff entered the room. Lucy told him something which her lawyer restated in court, using the following more tactful words:

"A gentleman, regardless of his official capacity, should always wait until a lady is dressed."

But [illegible] study of psychology, [illegible] the [illegible] man that Lucy's first move would be to hide the garments he was after. Seeing her marching toward the closet he barred the way.

This caused considerable animated conversation from both ladies, during which the mother, with great presence of mind, handed her daughter a towel. Clothed only in this and her maidenly blushes, Lucy told the bailiff what she thought of him. Dr. Papp did not agree and, as the debate promised to be lengthy, the actress finally accepted her mother's suggestion to go back to bed and talk from there.

This was all very well until the bailiff, proceeding from words to deeds, opened the closet and began collecting the garments for which he had been sent. At this the young lady leaped out of bed and still draped with her towel, flew at the bailiff. Dancers are athletic persons and this one slapped Dr. Papp's face, punched him in the stomach and then with a dive, like that of a professional wrestler, backed him into the closet and locked the door on him.

At this dark moment for law and order, the second comedian in the cast appeared at the door, presenting a furiously blushing face. It was young policeman Anton Bugyi. In real life everyone knows how long it takes to get a police officer and therefore on the stage one's appearance at the right moment has to be explained.

This one had been on hand all the time, waiting outside the apartment door where he had been stationed with instructions to come in if he heard signs of violence. Young and brave, he was ready to grapple with a maniac or red-handed murderer, but this unclothed vision unnerved him. His book of police rules cautioned him about invading the privacy of a woman not properly clothed and what would his young wife say? Yet, something must be done for he heard the muffled cries of the man he had come to protect.

Stammering in his embarrassment, the young officer whom the bailiff called a "prude" for his hesitation, requested the wild nude to clothe herself. The nude replied that this was impossible because that bailiff was in possession of her entire wardrobe. However, the mother came to the rescue by persuading her daughter to retire beneath the bedclothes again.

This done, the policeman entered and let the prisoner out. With an outraged dignity that would have thrown any theatre audience into convulsions, he told the occupant of the bed what a heinous crime she had committed. The lady did not care, and, with charming frankness, gave him a maiden's first impressions of his face, figure and personality. But once more the bailiff turned from words to deeds, and began collecting dainty items from the closet.

Once more the lady leaped out of bed, unhampered by any clothing, and flew at him. [illegible] modest young [illegible] red face retreated to the [illegible] which [illegible] woman [illegible] bailiff knew [illegible] from [illegible] was more equal, though the mother was now joining in the battle.

At this moment, staggering, dripping-wet, gasping and reeking of gas, a new character entered, shouldering the policeman aside. It was the girl's father, Mr. Somogyi, who, all this time, had been in the kitchen of the apartment, where he must have heard the sounds of combat. Why this delayed entrance? There was a reason. Mr. Somogyi is a mechanician who had been out of work for several months and had hoped to get his landlord to make a deduction from the rent in consideration of [illegible] water heater.

He had [illegible] rather [illegible] tion when [illegible] excitement he [illegible] ing the kitchen [illegible] When he finally got [illegible] arrived on the scene groggy with gas, he did not notice the presence of the uniformed policeman. What appeared to his somewhat befuddled vision was his wife apparently trying to save her naked daughter from "death or worse" at the hands of a strange man. It seemed to papa Somogyi no time to exchange cards or inquire into the merits of the disagreement, so he grasped Dr. Papp by the Adam's apple and began to throttle him. Lucy let go and started looking around the room for something, presumably a weapon, with which to finish matters.

This was too much for the policeman, who ceased being a "prude" and went into action.

Tearing the two men apart, he pursued and caught the naked nymph who felt herself hurled into bed with such vehemence that she stopped her resistence and decided to stay there. Then he informed them that they were all "pinched." Leading the father and the bailiff out of the room he waited until Lucy had time to dress and then took them all to court where the judge set a date for the three Somogyis to be tried on the charge of resisting and assaulting an officer of the law.

Even though the heroine was an actress, her behavior was perhaps strange enough to call for some [illegible]

[illegible] and did not know that he was choking a bailiff, the court let him off with a suspended fine of about $3.20. Lovely Lucy, however, knew perfectly what sort of dignitary she was slapping and locking up in a closet and therefore was guilty. There were extenuating circumstances, however, such as that she evidently was not "clothed and in her right mind," that she was an actress, young and therefore not entirely responsible. Last, and perhaps not least, Justice Szeboleska said he could not understand [illegible]

[illegible] was enlivened by another nudity case, that of [illegible] Mariette [illegible] of the Parakeet [illegible] The [illegible] who was the plaintiff, suing Miss Margit Toth, head of a local photographic studio. The "prude" was played by Mariette's fiance, Alexander Gabor, who disliked seeing so much of his future wife displayed in French magazines. One of the pictures bore the innocent caption "A Motor Breakdown." In this Mariette was seen working on an automobile, presumably with good intentions. But she did not belong to the union or even wear a union suit. All she had on was such a tiny pair of panties that Gabor, a banker, did not consider them an asset at all.

[illegible] which were not big enough to prevent his banker friends from making unpleasant pleasantries about the future Mrs. Gabor's anatomy. They feared she would be chilly and called her his "frozen credit." On a third picture Mariette was more warmly covered. [illegible] wore them [illegible]

[illegible] with selling the pictures without the consent of the pretty model. The defendant said that Mariette had first come to the studio to pose for a stock [illegible]

Discovering that the girl photographed well, Miss Toth had taken many more pictures on the understanding that they could be sold to anyone. Mariette, she told the court, had been crazy to get her face and form before the public in every possible way until she found that her wealthy boy-friend was threatening to [illegible] According [illegible] with the [illegible] gotten the [illegible] sufficient [illegible] and that she had [illegible] only to be [illegible] and [illegible] pages of [illegible] form of that [illegible]

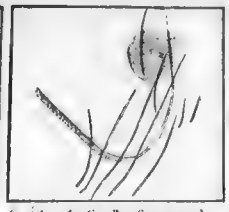
[illegible] assured the court that [illegible] the case over for [illegible] ordering them to bring documentary proofs of their assertions. Both promised to do this, but when the day arrived there was Miss Toth and a crowded courtroom but no plaintiff. Mariette had lost all her interest in modesty and run away to Berlin. The reason for this change of heart was not hard to guess.

Within that fortnight her moralist-banker-friend had absconded to Constantinople, leaving no explanation as to what had become of his clients' funds. What is worse, the mean thing didn't take her along. Just for that she's going to have a lot more pictures taken without even any strawberries.

Painting in an Ancient Spanish Cave of an Armed Warrior Executing a War Dance and Holding His Bow and Arrows in His Hands

Bushman Cave-Painting of a Man.

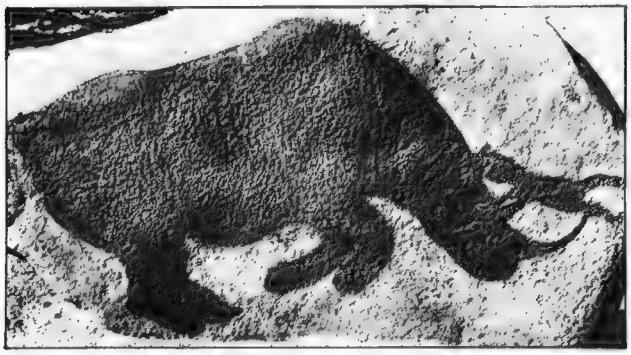
Cave-Drawing Representing Dance of Women Around the Figure of a Man. Some Scientists Regard the Small Figure as a Stone Effigy or God.



Scratches of a Cave-Bear Superimposed on Marks of Man, Showing Both Inhabited the Cave About the Same Time.

Rock-Painting from South America, Showi Speed from Some Enemy or to Escap

Prehistoric Carvings Revea



Vivid Portrayal on a Rock by a Stone-Age Artist of a Black Rhinoceros With a Native Impaled on His Horns.

Cave Drawings by Skilled Artists Leave Records of Priceless Value in Reconstructing Life in the Dim Past

Caveman Artists Painting Mammoths on the Walls of Their
From Fresco in the American Museum of Natural History, N

© 1933 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

IT WAS NOT man's little friend the dog that helped him to get up in the world, but the great, hairy mammoth who was no friend at all and did not like human beings, who is now believed to have given the race its start toward success.

When the first American pioneers penetrated the western prairies of North America, they found enormous herds of buffalo, ranging north in the Summer and south in the Winter. Following them were bands of Indians who had found a sure and easy way of getting all the meat and clothing they could use. As often as they wanted a nice steak, a roast or a warm robe, the braves rode up to the flank or rear of the herd and with lance or arrow killed as many as they needed and the squaws did the rest.

It was an endless meat supply, always available and without the nuisance and responsibility of feeding and shepherding the cattle. Nature attended to all that. The thing was made specially easy for the Indian at that time because he had recently learned to ride the wild horse, descendant of animals brought over by the first Spaniards. Before that for thousands of years the Indian's ancestors had followed the buffalo's ancestors on foot, which was not quite so easy, but easy enough to beat any other form of hunting or fishing

Neither the Indian nor anyone else suspected that he was doing with the buffalo what the very first creatures that could be called human seem to have done with the mammoth and the mastodon. Recent studies of the astonishingly natural and lifelike art work chiseled and painted on cavern walls and desert rocks, hundreds of thousands of years ago, reveal not only something of the family life of these first men and women but how they came to promote themselves from a timid, crook-legged ground ape to conquerors of the earth.

From the evidence of the drawings and of fossils dug from the soil, it is now thought that man owes his rise from insignificance to the head of the animal kingdom mostly to association with the elephant tribe in Asia, Africa and Europe. This was no partnership like that of man and dog, profitable to both; but a one-sided arrangement in which man was the parasite, taking everything at the expense of the huge, powerful and by no means stupid beasts.

Undoubtedly man's first contact with the creature who was then in all probability the king of beasts must have been humble and harmless enough to give that hairy monarch no concern. This ancestral form of the modern elephant had, under his hair, the leathery hide of the pachyderm tribe, invulnerable against stones thrown by the first human beings and jabs of their frail little pointed sticks.

There can be little doubt that the first ancestors of the human race had no such insane idea as to attack or in any way annoy a mammoth. The mighty brutes whose exact appearance science might never have known but for the vivid likenesses painted in the caveman's caverns probably rarely glimpsed the furtive little two-legged sneak that skulked along far in the rear of the herd. For many centuries man must have been content to follow in the paths trampled through forest and underbrush by the feet of those heavyweights.

There were frequent deaths in a large herd from old age, disease and love duels among jealous males. The carcass of a mammoth was a veritable meat mine, sufficient to feed a small army of human beings but there was no way to preserve the treasure. One day several elephants might die or be killed which meant gluttony for a couple of days, after which the rest of the meat would spoil. Then for several weeks there might not be any more of these windfalls.

This situation of always facing a feast or a famine was just the thing to sharpen any creature's wits and make him try to control the food supply, as the American Indian later was doing so well until the white man sold him a gun and helped him exterminate the buffalo. It must have taken many generations, hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, for man's courage, intelligence and team work to develop to a point where he actually hunted, killed and finally began to exterminate the noble animal he had once hardly dared to look at.

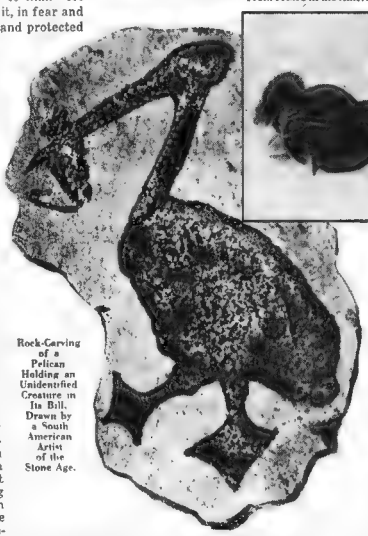
When the mammoth herd left the body of one of its members behind, the hungry humans, skulking in the rear, lost little time in hacking through the leathery hide with eoliths, such pieces of stone as they could find with a natural edge or point. As far as man's tooth and nail were concerned a mammoth's body was burglar-proof.

Some time, somewhere along that slow and painful start, some genius, who should have the world's tallest monument built in his honor, went and made himself a stone with a cutting edge. Even more likely he was no genius at all, but the thickest-skulled of his generation, making the great discovery as the result of stupidity and brute rage. It is quite possible that some desperately hungry man, too lazy to carry a sharp eolith, came upon a mammoth body in a location where there was nothing but smooth stones and in his dumb brutal exasperation, smashed one stone against another, and looking at the pieces, discovered that edges and points could be made artificially. That invention, however it was made, put man in a class all by himself, the only tool-making animal.

Sometimes our ghoulish ancestors must have come upon a fallen mammoth who was not quite dead. A male, slowly dying from his wounds and too weak to rise or do more than trumpet menacingly at the circle of humans gathering at a respectful distance, or perhaps it was an old or sick mammoth. The natural thing was to stand around patiently like heirs waiting for a rich man to die. If the death-bed scene was unduly prolonged and the spectators were starving, something else was equally natural. Some rash young man, perhaps eager to make a hero of himself in the eyes of a hesitating maiden, would take a chance and hurry the process.

Observing where the dying beast had been gored by his rival's tusks, the bold young man would lunge a long-pointed stake into the wound and then, no doubt, flee with the others, shrieking in terror at his deed. Finding that there was no punishment he would return and try it again, others would help, and finally the miracle would occur. Puny man had helped kill the king of beasts.

After that demonstration man became an undertaker who was no longer content to wait for business to come to him. He went out and got it, in fear and trembling at first and protected by all the magic he could invent. In the comparatively safe process of finishing off sick and wounded mammoths, man was able to learn something of the weak and strong points of mammoth anatomy and improve his weapons to the degree of stone axes and flint-tipped spears.



Rock-Carving of a Pelican Holding an Unidentified Creature in Its Bill. Drawn by a South American Artist of the Stone Age.

Highly Creditable Colored Fres Mammoths and Other

The next step may have been picking off stragglers and kidnaping baby mammoths. This was more dangerous, calling for team work, strategy and a single commander which in turn demanded a language that was something better than grunts. If the strayed mammoth made up his mind to join the rest of the herd by the shortest route, all he had to do was charge right through the line of frail human beings in his path. They would get out of his way fast enough, and if they didn't, so much the worse for them.

But the bipeds were making disconcerting noises and throwing volleys of stones at the mammoth's one vulnerable spot, his eye. Instinctively he turned away and found that there was a certain safe course. As long as he traveled in that direction they did not attack, but when he veered away those showers of missiles came flying at his eyes.

The big brute did not quite get the idea until he blundered into a bog to which his tormentors had been carefully pointing him. Then the knowledge would be too late to save him. While the ponderous animal was painfully getting his feet out of the mire his enemies would dash in close, put out his eyes with stones and darts, after which he was at their mercy.

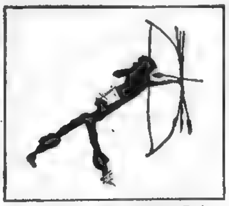
Where there were no swamps handy in which to bog their clumsy game, it was beyond prehistoric man's engineering ability to construct them but what has come down to historic times as "elephant pits" could be dug at likely spots along the mammoth trails. The modern elephant is a cautious creature who watches his step and declines to cross a rickety bridge. No doubt a mammoth, or a mastodon, in his right mind, would not trust his weight to the flimsy covering of boughs and dirt with which the caveman concealed his pit. But that gentleman would see to it that the mammoth was not in his right mind, stampeding him with a sudden volley of rocks and yells, just as he came to the danger spot.

The weapons, courage, intelligence and team work he developed against the mammoth could be used by man against the sabre-toothed tiger, the great cave-bear and other occupants of the caves. Man had to dispossess these dangerous tenants before he could become a caveman. And now it seems that he owes the training and experience which made a man of him to the association with the mammoth and the mastodon.

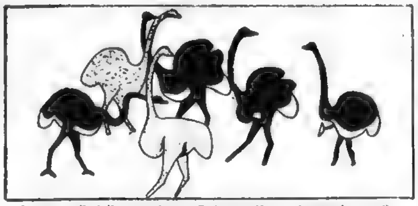
All this, though dangerous and difficult, was natural enough, but it resulted in causing the ancient caveman to do something so unnatural and astonishing that no scientist dreamed that he could possibly have done such a thing. He carved and painted highly artistic and accurate portraits of such animals as he considered important, and stored some of them away where they remained untouched by the ravages of weather, floods, fire and war down through the ages till the present day. The caveman could not write, but he was a first-class painter and sculptor and left an illustrated message.

Not that the caveman probably cared a whoop about posterity. If he ever gave a moment's thought to the world of today, so many thousands of years later, he must have assumed that we, his descendants, would be hunting the same animals with the same weapons. He did not paint and carve so well because of any artistic urge, but for what he thought were practical bread-and-butter reasons. He was what would be called today a commercial artist.

...ng Early Man Running With Great ...e Some Cataclysm of Nature.



Archer Shown in the Paleolithic Rock-Paintings from the Cave of Saltadora in Eastern Spain.



Interesting Rock Painting Showing Prehistoric Hunter, Disguised as an Ostrich, Approaching a Flock. The Apprehensive Attitudes of the Genuine Birds Are Admirably Portrayed.

Rock Painting of a Woman, With Head Decoration and Long Streamers. Perhaps Some Animal's Tail

Kneeling Figure at a Grave. From a Rock Drawing Indicating Mourning Custom of Ancient Man

...al How Primitive Man Lived

How Our Savage Ancestors Followed the Mammoth All Over the Earth and Feasted on His Flesh

(C) AMERICAN MUSEUM NATURAL HISTORY

...Cave, 20,000 to 50,000 Years Ago. ...York, by Charles R. Knight.

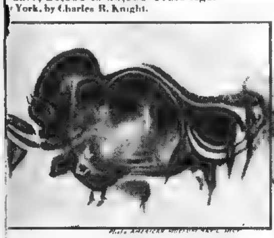


Photo AMERICAN MUSEUM NAT. HIST.

...co in a Cavern in France, Representing Bisons, ...Animals Sketched by Prehistoric Man

Petroglyph of an Ostrich Carved on a Rock by a Stone-Age Artist.

Vigorous Realistic Stone-Carving of a Charging Wart-Hog, With Tail Up, Evidently a Terror of the Neighborhood.

The Indian did not need to be such a good ...rtist. It was much easier for him to trail the ...uffalo over the rolling prairie than for the cave...han of Europe and Africa over the wild and ...roken surface of those continents to follow the ...erds of pachyderms. Also they did not wish ...o wander too far from the chalky deposits ...here their precious flints were to be found.

Usually the best policy was to follow a herd ...nly a certain distance and then return to the ...aves and the flints until the herd circled back to ...he neighborhood or a new one loomed up. Of ...ourse, often they were late in appearing and in ...ears of drought sometimes failed to show up at ...ll. Something had to be done to keep the ani...als from hiding this way, just as something ...ad been done about their not dying often and ...egularly enough. In trying to understand the ...orld the caveman was a pioneer, with no foot...eps to guide him in the brand new business of ...easoning. In the very first stages of thinking ...e fell into the grandest delusion of the human ...ind from which it has not yet escaped. He ...ought that supernatural forces controlled ...erything and that he could control the super...atural by magic.

Study of primitive modern races shows that ...lief in magic must have been universal in the ...mote past and only in comparatively recent ...mes have been converted into religion in the ...ore advanced races. Primitive man practiced ...s magic, and if he got what he wanted that ...oved his magic was right. If he did not get ...hat he wanted, that merely showed that he had ...ade a slip somewhere in his magic, which was ...s fault.

One of the oldest and commonest forms of ...agic is control by effigy. The magician made ...me sort of likeness of the man or animal he ...anted to kill and then stabbed, burned or other...se destroyed it. Destruction of the image would ...use death of the animal or man himself.

And that is what the caveman did with the ...mmoth, mastodon, rhinoceros and other ...mals he wished to have fall before his spears ...into his traps. Unquestionably he made mud ...l paint images by thousands, at first wherever ...as handy, but where sun and rain soon oblit...d them. When the magic failed to work the

important question arose as to what was wrong with it. The hunters gathering around the magician-artist must have pointed out that the first crude efforts did not look much like the real thing. That must be what ailed the magic.

As a result of such criticism the art work of those ancient magicians developed to a point where it compared favorably with some professional modern work done by futurist artists. Fortunately for scientific knowledge today, while the caveman's art was improving so astonishingly the ceremonial forms of magic became complicated, including all sorts of chants dances and other rituals, forecasting the services of religions to come. Only certain properly initiated persons could attend these sacred functions which must not be seen by other eyes, especially those of women and children. To be certain that no profane spectator was peeping at one of the ceremonies, and spoiling its magic, was almost impossible out in the open. For that they needed the privacy of a temple.

In Europe nature provided man not only with shallow caves for residential purposes but deep, winding caverns that penetrated sometimes for more than a mile back from the entrance. A few guards would prevent even the remotest possibility of any outsider witnessing the mystic mummeries which went on in the depths of these subterranean temples. And in the furthest, most inaccessible recesses of these black chambers, the magician painted and carved by the flaring light of pitch torches or the fainter but steadier beams of a little lamp with a moss wick burning animal fat, leaving beautifully lifelike portraits of many animals long extinct, thus conferring a priceless favor on modern science.

One of the most dramatic incidents in the whole history of science occurred when explorers, crawling laboriously into a French cave, lifted their torches and saw on the cave wall large and lifelike paintings of an animal which no modern man had seen alive—the great, hairy mammoth which once roamed the plains and river valleys of the European continent.

Fossil bones already had given scientists a clue to the previous existence of this gigantic animal—a larger, well-covered, giant-tusked variety of elephant. Tusks of the vanished mammoth had been found here and there in Europe and especially along the northern borders of Asia. Teeth of this and other varieties of extinct elephants also had been discovered and were for years a puzzle to the finders, for the elephant's tooth is a more or less square, brick-shaped object, resembling but little the teeth of ordinary animals. A few other bones of the extinct mammoth also had been found. Students of fossils had decided from these meager relics that they were evidences of some kind of vanished beast of the elephant class

Even some details about the ancient animal were believed to be known. The fact of long hair on the skin was suspected from specimens of this skin partially preserved in the frozen marshes and moss lands of northern Asia. From the way that the skeletons were constructed scientists had decided that the former mammoth probably had a notch back of the rounded part of its great head, unlike the smooth connection of head and back in the modern elephant. But no one ever had seen a mammoth, no complete animal had survived and the reconstructions of what the creatures looked like were scarcely more than scientific guesses, like the present reconstructions of the still more ancient dinosaurs.

All this was known, of course, to the eager explorers of the French caves. Imagine their excitement when on the wall of one of these cave rooms, unseen by man for thousands of years, the flickering torches showed drawings and paintings of these ancient mammoths just as the great beasts had appeared in life. It was a vindication of the guesses of the students of fossils that the paintings of mammoths left by prehistoric men who saw and fought these animals resembled, point by point, the reconstructions which the modern experts had made

Hanging from the sides of the gigantic beasts the prehistoric artists depicted the long and shaggy hair which gives the animal its modern name of hairy. The gigantic, curiously curved tusks, like examples found among the fossils, also were shown in the paintings. The imagined notch behind the mammoth's head, deduced by fossil experts from the surviving bones, also was there in the drawing. Thus did scientists across a time of perhaps three hundred centuries collaborate to yield conclusions about what mammoths were like; modern scientists studying the bones and other relics, while their ancient collaborators provided the sketches made from life

In the French caves there exist, also, numerous drawings, paintings and even a few sculptures of other animals which no longer exist in that part of the world. On ancient bone tools and weapons, decorated by the prehistoric artists just as they decorated their caves, are found drawings of reindeer, animals now confined to the northermost fringe of Europe although once they apparently lived in the south of France where the ancient artists saw and drew them. Another common subject is the bison, or European buffalo, an animal which still survives in modified form but now is extremely scarce

In one French cave there has been found what seems to have been a sculpture of a cave-bear, another animal now extinct, in which the artist seems to have used the skull and hide of an actual animal as the foundation of his statue, m... a clay model to be covered by the hide an... ...cing the skull or head at one end of this mo...l.

The American pioneer seeing the red man hovering in the rear of the buffalo herd little suspected that he might be looking upon a procession that had gone on hundreds of thousands of years. The descendants of men who painted the buffalo and other animals crossed Asia and Bering Strait, which seems to have been closed at intervals, to the American continent.

That the sculptures and paintings in those European caves were done for magical purposes to help the hunters "bring home the bacon," is shown in some cases by another significant fact. Arrows or spears are drawn as though sticking from the sides of the animals. In the case of sculptures made on the floors of rooms inside the caves, like the famous cave-bear sculpture already mentioned, holes through the clay mass show where actual spears were thrust into vital ...pots of the sculptured animal, shortly after it was made.

Near the small town of Predmost in what is now Czecho-Slovakia, Professor D. K. Absolom, of the University of Prague, has found evidence that a vanished race of about the same time as the cave-artists actually organized great mammoth hunts, drove herds of these gigantic beasts into pit traps like those used in prehistoric times in Africa and India, and feasted on the body of the giant animal after it had died in the trap. No one yet has found a cave painting depicting such a mammoth hunt, but it is a possibility re...onable to hope for

What was the daily life of the caveman and cavewoman beyond the fact that they were meat eaters whenever they could get it, brave hunters and amazingly fine artists? The soil of the caves in which the families lived tells much and so do the refuse heaps and graves. In the first place they were a people of rather high intelligence, striving hard to understand and control a wild and terrifying world. The higher the intelligence the greater the possibility for blunders. A horse or a cow never makes the mistake of trying to get at the animal behind a mirror. It is only the smart and imaginative ape that falls into that error. That the caveman fogged his thinking with so much magic is a sign not of his stupidity but his intelligence, a fact confirmed by the shape and ...ze of the skulls of some of the... devout believers such as the Cro-Magnon man, a race with a larger brain than the average today

Whether he had one wife or more is not revealed, but it is believed that this varied according to time and place. At one period in his existence it is thought by many that the human race passed through the matriarchal stage in which the women were the bo... and owners of the caves or other abodes that were called home, and the husbands were merely paying guests who could and were booted out a... on as they failed to pay in the form of plenty of meat, fish and skins. The children did not recognize their father as any relation to them, took no orders from him and looked for instruction in the arts of hunting and protection to their mothers' brothers.

Living dangerously as they did, the cave people were deeply impressed with the importance of blood which they evidently considered the life principle. They tried desperately to understand death and avoid it, observing that if a man or

Continued on ...

Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

A Dramatic Story of Love, Thrills and Mystery

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

NATHAN CONROY owns an island where he and his family spend their summers. Five years before his death he retires there with his former manager of his plantation, crippled Henry Harker. At Nathan's death in 1930 he is buried in an ornate tomb on a rise of ground behind the house.

He leaves a will bequeathing his property to his sister Hagar (Great Aunt Hagar Conroy), his daughter Judith (Aunt Judith Conroy), and his five grandchildren: Dr. Mark Dietrich, a research physician; beautiful Sally [illegible]; "Berto" (Count Roberto [illegible]); Lucia Conroy, a promising young [illegible]ist, and her dissipated twin brother Lee. The will ignores Nathan's only remaining son, Hagar's adopted grandson, Douglas, an athlete [illegible] man engaged to [illegible] grandson Tony [illegible] of Berto and [illegible] young wife [illegible].

The will [illegible] tees spend the [illegible] September [illegible] out of every year [illegible] Harker [illegible] dollars provided he stays [illegible] years as caretaker. [illegible] of the death of all the legatees the money is to be divided between Harker and Mrs. Prill, the housekeeper.

In the Summer of 1930 Sally dies on the island from an overdose of chloral hydrate taken in a glass of tea[illegible]. The bottle which contained the drug disappears. Every member of the Conroy family with the exception of Lucia is present and had access to the chloral and the tea [illegible]. Sally's death is ruled suicide.

[illegible] the estate [illegible] when Lucia discovers a note [illegible] the book Sally was reading which says "Murdered." Alarmed, Lucia [illegible] Jimmy Lane, author, playwright and amateur detective. [illegible]

On Thursday, September 24th, [illegible] servants [illegible] the [illegible] a prize [illegible] best detective story [illegible] [illegible] the river for [illegible] [illegible] is established that [illegible] stranger is on the island.

The following evening [illegible] are [illegible] Jimmy Lane. A game of blind-man's-buff starts in the darkened lower floors and at its [illegible] the stars are read. [illegible] that a [illegible] has been added probably during the course of the game.

[illegible] "Murder on the Conroy [illegible]." Using the island and the Conroy family, it builds up through the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] says that [illegible] nothing that can be [illegible] in the steps of the tomb [illegible].

Terrified, Lee shouts that [illegible] has come. Nathan Conroy died insane, hating the family, and obsessed with the idea that they had killed his wife. And now [illegible] has gone mad as they all feared. Lee says he saw someone or something go into the tomb the preceding night.

Every precaution is taken to [illegible] Lee, but at 2 [illegible] A. M. when the [illegible] has [illegible] a [illegible] sleep due to chloral [illegible] drugged wine, Lee is killed. He is [illegible] on the steps of the tomb [illegible] at the base of his skull [illegible] from ear to ear. [illegible] a gash across his forehead. Aunt Hagar says she saw a shadowy shape in a [illegible] cloak that flapped in the storm [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] When he bent over Lee [illegible] head [illegible] wrapped around the head, and [illegible] begin to [illegible] toward Judith.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In Judith's Room

IN THE dining room the Conroys were all at breakfast, so Jimmy and I were able to start our investigations in Judith's room unobserved.

The room opened onto the rear hall, near the back stairs. Like the rest of the house, it was furnished with shabby but comfortable mahogany of the early Victorian period. The floor was of board, pine boards waxed until they shone, and before the French windows there was a gay rag rug. Immediately upon entering, Jimmy crossed to this and turned it over.

"Just as I thought. Someone has walked on it with wet feet." He produced one of Judith's rubbers and did some measuring. "Matches up, all right. She was coming from the French window, too. The print on the floor has been wiped up, but it still shows in one or two places." Again he studied the rug, also a cretonne-covered chair which stood before the dressing table. "That wet coat was thrown over this chair. It's still damp on the back. The rubbers evidently stood beside it. Here's the mark on the floor. Now if I can only find something else. . ."

He crossed the room and opened the door of a small cupboard in which Judith kept shoes and hats. Quickly he began searching the shelves. I was so dazed by the sudden verification of our suspicions that instead of watching the door as I should have done, I stood stupidly staring at Jimmy.

It was so that Judith found us when she walked in from the carpeted hall. One moment she stood, stricken, before she stepped into the room and closed the door behind her.

Jimmy heard the click of the lock and swung about. The three of us stared at each other, wordless and appalled; then Judith said in a flat, lifeless voice:

"I see that you know."

"Yes." Jimmy sounded almost apologetic. "We do—know, Judith."

With an air of almost inhuman detachment, she walked over to a high-backed chair of carved walnut which stood near the French windows, and dropped in to it. Her head was tilted back, her eyes closed. The gray light fell across her face and on to her hands, which lay, palms up, in her lap. In the same flat tone she a[illegible]d:

"What are you going to do?"

"What would you like me to do?"

"I should like you to send Mark to me for a little while."

The implication was plain. Both of us remembered Mark's offer to help any member of the family who was guilty, to a painless end. At the time, the suggestion had seemed hideous. Now, I realized, we were accepting it with a feeling of grateful relief. The thought of Judith in a prison cell, or in an asylum, was intolerable.

"I'll call Mark in a moment," Jimmy promised. "But first, you must tell me the full story—just how you did it, and why."

Judith opened her eyes and gazed at him from tragic depths.

"I was hoping you could tell me," she said, "because I don't know." She must have read incredulity in our faces, for she cried out: "I'm not trying to say I didn't kill them. I know that I must be guilty. I'm just trying to tell you that my mind is a blank as to what happened. Although, I suppose," she made a pitiful attempt at a smile, "that's just what I would tell you even if I remembered. It's what the murderer always says, isn't it? That his mind was a blank when he committed the crime?"

"Don't!" Jimmy interrupted. "Don't, Judith! We believe you. Just try to tell as much as you can of what happened last night."

"I've already told you what I remember. I went to bed with the rest and fell asleep almost immediately. It was the shot that woke me."

"Where were you?"

She looked at him with a faint lifting of the brows. "That's what I can't understand. I'm sure I was in bed. Yet it seemed to me a moment later I was standing on that rug, and I noticed my feet were cold. I was leaning with my hands on something wet that hung across the back of the chair. At the time, I was so dazed that I didn't stop to investigate, just threw on my dressing gown and ran down the hall. But later, after we'd heard about it——" her voice faltered upon the name, "about Lee, I came back into the room and discovered those French windows on to the gallery were unlocked, my raincoat was lying, soaking wet, across the back of that chair, and my rubbers were on the floor beside it."

"Where was your raincoat when you went to bed?"

"It was hanging on that hook near the door."

"Where someone might easily have reached it from the hall."

"That's sweet of you, Jimmy, but it's no use. You see, the front of my nightgown was soaking wet, and so were my hands. I remember wiping them before I put on my dressing gown." She leaned forward with pathetic earnestness. "Don't try to argue, it only makes it worse. Can't you see that I must have been the one to do it?"

"I don't see at all." Jimmy looked puzzled. "How could you have done it, Judith, if you were in this room when you heard the shot?"

"But I wasn't," she told him simply. "I merely thought I was. It's what the psychologists call 'fantasy.' As a matter of fact, I was, I must have been, up on the hill. I've asked the others how long it was before I ran down the hall and joined them. They all say I was the last to appear, except for Connie—that means at least three minutes after the sound of the shot, which would give me plenty of time to get down the hill, take off my raincoat, and put on the dressing gown."

"How do you explain the fact that your rubbers are clean of mud?"

"I suppose I wiped them off when I first came in, and probably my hands, too. There's a washstand behind that screen in the corner. I must have come to myself just after I threw the coat over the back of the chair. I remember being desperately sick and dizzy, exactly as though I were coming out from under ether. Later on, when I heard everyone telling about waking up at the sound of the shot, it was so impressed on my mind that I thought it had happened the same way with me. Oh, that's quite possible," she added quickly. "You've only to read books on abnormal psychology to know." She had been speaking with the calmness of utter despair, now her voice began to sharpen, and a note of hysteria crept into it. "I've known for a long time I was going insane. I watched father when it was coming on, and I saw myself doing the same things."

"What things?"

"Forgetting names, and words, and where I'd put things; having sudden moments of horrible, paralyzing fear, without reason; walking and finding myself places where I'd no idea of going."

"You mean sleep-walking?"

"No; because sometimes it happens in the daytime. I'll be quietly reading, then suddenly, I find I'm in the kitchen putting on the kettle to make a cup of tea for Aunt Hagar without her having asked me. Or I wake up and discover I'm in her room, when she hasn't called."

"Amnesia," Jimmy murmured, and she nodded.

"Yes. If you've read about it, you know the horrible things that can be done in that state. Wait. I'll show you." She crossed to the table beside her bed and picked up a book which I saw was **The Human Mind** by Dr. Karl Menninger. There was a slip of paper marking a page, and she turned to it quickly. "Here's one of several cases," she said. "A devoted mother who'd been married for fifteen years had a quarrel with her husband, and this is what happened." In a low, tense voice she read: "**The next morning, while the husband and son were milking, they heard shots. They rushed to the house. There they found the two little girls, shot through the heart, lying in great pools of blood. Their mother lay across the bed, a shotgun in one hand and a bleeding wound in her side. She remained unconscious for several days. When she awoke she could remember nothing about the shooting. When I told her that her little girls were dead she burst into tears and demanded to know what had happened to them. I told her. 'But,' she cried, 'how could I do such a thing? Surely I couldn't! My God! How could I do that?'**"

Judith closed the book despairingly. "Can't you see how that woman must have felt? How I must feel? Especially since I knew I was going insane? I should have told someone. I should have given you a chance to lock me up, after 'Berto's death. But I couldn't believe I'd done it. And how could I dream I'd killed Lee? Why, I loved Lee as if he were my own son!" She was sobbing now, her face buried in her hands.

I longed to comfort her, but what could I say that would not appear forced and insincere? Jimmy, too, seemed helpless, for he picked up Menninger's book and turned the pages absently. His eye fell upon something that interested him. He became absorbed in reading.

For a time the only sound was the steady drumming of rain upon the gallery and Judith's low sobbing, then Jimmy carefully marked a paragraph in the book, put it down, and began moving thoughtfully about the room as though working out some theory. He regarded the chair in front of the dressing table with great thoroughness. He went to the cupboard, re-examined the wall and then pushed it to the door which opened into Aunt Hagar's apartment, and glanced inside. In the end, he came back and stood looking down at the huddled figure in the chair.

"Stop crying!" he commanded. "Stop crying, and listen to me."

Startled by the sharpness of his tone, Judith lifted her head and stared through her tears.

"I want you to answer some questions," he went on. "First, did you drink any of that mulled wine last night?"

"Why, yes, I had a full cup."

"Good. Now about your nightgown. You say you found it was damp. Was that in front?"

"Yes, all down the front. I suppose the coat wasn't buttoned, and the rain——"

"Never mind that," Jimmy interrupted. "Didn't it occur to you that it might have become damp while you stood leaning against the chair? Remember, you said when you first came to yourself you were leaning with your hands on something wet that was spread over the back of that chair."

"Yes," her eyes widened. "I remember."

"One thing more. Was your hair wet?"

"No," she was evidently groping back in her recollection. "I'm sure it wasn't. I'd have noticed, wouldn't I?"

"No doubt of it. Have you any hat you could have worn?"

Before answering, she crossed to her cupboard and looked through the shelves. When she returned, there was reluctant hope dawning in her face. "No; I've no hat that's in the least damp."

"And there was none in the gallery closet," Jimmy declared. As she looked surprised, he explained: "Evidently you didn't know that your coat and rubbers were hanging in the gallery closet."

"How on earth did they get there? I left them as they were on the chair, last night, because I couldn't make up my mind what to do, and they were still there this morning. While I was helping Aunt Hagar dress, they disappeared. I thought perhaps you'd taken them."

"No," Jimmy shook his head. "It was Mrs. Prill. She must have come in here, found them, and tried to save you by hiding them."

"I'm not surprised," Judith told him. "Prillie would do anything for the sake of the family—even to shielding a murderess."

"You're not a murderess," Jimmy said quickly. "You must understand that. You brooded over your father's insanity and absorbed these books until you imagined all sorts of fantastic things. You didn't do those murders, Judith. I'm convinced of it."

She looked up at him, hope warring with stubborn disbelief. "Why do you say that?"

"Because I believe you when you tell me you can't remember."

"That's one sign of insanity," she insisted. "Didn't you understand what I read to you?"

"I did, my dear. But that sort of thing happens only occasionally . . . not over and over again like this. Remember, you'd not only have to forget killing Lee but you'd also have to forget writing that warning beforehand. You'd have to forget killing 'Berto, and even before that, helping 'Berto work out that hoax. Then there's the question of your getting that knife out of Mark's bag, the mallet out of the closet. Above all, there's the question of Sally's death. Don't you see that it's grotesque, to picture a series of mental lapses which cover a whole year?"

"It does seem incredible. But I felt half crazy last night when I woke up, as though coming out of a trance."

"You'd been drugged. Somebody slipped knock-out drops, probably chloral hydrate, into our wine."

"Chloral hydrate? But that's what killed Sally. Do you suppose——"

"Never mind what I suppose," Jimmy ordered cheerfully. "You've worked yourself into a state of hysteria over this business. It's got to stop. I'm going to take away your book, and I want you to forget all those horrible doubts of yourself and try to compose your mind. Will you promise?"

"I promise." Her face was twisting, and tears started once more in her eyes; but they were tears of relief. It seemed almost indecent to look upon her at that moment. I left the room abruptly, followed by Jimmy Lane, who was carrying the Menninger book under his arm.

Once outside, he handed the volume to me. "I want a minute in Aunt Hagar's room."

As he slipped through the farther door, I opened the book and looked curiously at the place he had marked. It was a paragraph, headed:

The Cycloid Type.

The hot-heads, who carry to extremes the emotion of anger, are still another variety. They are strongly affected by everything and often unpleasantly. Every little thing offends them, or, at least, they are apt to become offended at some little thing and pass over much bigger things. A slight provocation will be sufficient to provoke rage and storming, sometimes outbursts of cruelty and retaliation. There are likely to be violent scenes with scolding, shouting, yelling, threatening, cursing, etc. Kraepelin describes a patient he knew who in such a fit of rage threw a whole pile of plates on the floor, hurled a burning lamp at her husband, and then attacked him with a pair of shears. These individuals are ordinarily serene, self-confident, self-assertive, but ill-controlled and subject to attacks of sullenness, crossness, unhappiness, and excitement.

As I finished reading this paragraph, Jimmy came out of Aunt Hagar's room. He was plainly excited, and I hurried toward him.

"Found anything?"

He grinned. "I'll say I have."

Before I could ask more, Mark joined us.

"I've just been with Doug," the doctor said. "He seems better this morning. In fact, the only thing he's worried about now, is that cut. He's afraid it will spoil his looks."

"Will it?"

"I don't believe so. In any case, he ought to be thanking his stars he didn't lose an eye——" He broke off. "By the way, he sent me to say he wants to talk to you. He's got some theory he thinks you should hear."

"Little Philo at it again, eh?" Jimmy laughed. "Well, I suppose we'd better listen. We may be able to dredge a few pearls."

I suspected the deliberate lightness of his tone was intended to keep Mark from noticing that he carried something under his arm. Evidently I was correct, for, with a quick nod, he passed the doctor and went down the hall into our room.

A moment later when I, too, had escaped, I found him hurriedly unfolding a dressing gown of plum-colored silk. It was still damp from rain, and down the front it was spotted and streaked with blood.

"Judith couldn't have done it. I saw her lying asleep when I hung the coat over the chair."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Time Chart.

WE FOUND Doug sitting up in bed clad in striped pajamas and a dressing gown of richly brocaded silk. Although he was still pale from loss of blood, he appeared to be much stronger than he had been the night before. Stronger and brighter, if Doug could ever be described as bright.

"Couldn't sleep much," he complained. "This beastly rap on the skull gave me a splitting headache, so I spent my time looking over these." He indicated several books that were on the table beside him: the Omnibus of Crime, Best American Mystery Stories, several detective novels, the first volume of Fu-Manchu, and a well worn collection of Conan Doyle—all of them bristling with slips of annotated paper.

"I looked these over," Doug went on, "and got a lot of ideas. Then, d'you know what I did?"

"No . . ." Jimmy grinned, "I'll bite."

"I closed my eyes and said, 'Now what would Sherlock Holmes do?' All of a sudden," there was something very like awe in his tone, "all of a sudden, just like that, it came to me. He'd figure out from the crime itself exactly the sort of person in the list of suspects."

"Brilliant," murmured Jimmy. "I'd never have thought of it."

"Oh, I'm sure you would, in time." With an expression of pleased smugness, he produced a notebook and turned over the pages. "This is what I worked out: One. The murderer may be either a man or a woman, since all the murders were committed in a way that required no particular strength." He glanced up. "You agree to that?"

"Absolutely. Go on."

"Two. The murderer is not necessarily mad, but must be diabolically clever." Again he paused, and Jimmy turned solemnly to me.

"'Diabolically clever,'" he murmured. "Make a note of that, Phil. It's such an original expression."

"It's not really," Doug explained with becoming modesty. "I found it in several stories. And 'cool cunning,' too. You'd be surprised how many of the murderers in the books have 'cool cunning' . ."

While he talked, Jimmy's eyes ranged around the room, passing from the door to the French windows, where he had discovered Aunt Hagar the night before. I knew that some serious speculation was occupying his mind for he frowned intently.

"Three," Doug burbled on happily. "The murderer must have been on this island last year at the time of Sally's death. That eliminates Lucia, of course, and you two."

I thanked him dryly.

"Four. The murderer must be someone who could have got at Mark's case last night."

"Which includes everyone in the house," I pointed out.

"Everyone except, perhaps, Henry—and he might have slipped up the back stairs while we were at dinner. Five. The murderer must have been able to get at that mulled wine."

"That, again, means everyone except Harker."

"Unless he doped it while the brew was still in the kitchen."

As we were discussing this possibility, Jimmy came out of his abstraction.

"Look here," he said, "do you mind chucking that list and helping me with a time chart? I want to know where everyone was last night from the time we went to bed until after Lee's death."

"Great idea!" Doug fell upon the suggestion with enthusiasm and immediately began ruling lines upon sheets of paper. "What time shall we start?"

"At bed time—say a quarter of 12."

"'Quarter of 12,'" Doug repeated, and wrote it down.

The task which followed proved to be monumental. Although the time covered was only a little over two hours, Jimmy insisted that it was of the utmost importance to have the chart as accurate as possible. First he sent Tony out in boots and

(Continued on Page 16)

[illegible] by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Certainly!

Meet the UNEEDA BAKERS Pretzel Family

ALL shapes and sizes and all *very good.* Waiting for you at your grocery store. Made by the National Biscuit Company, Uneeda Bakers. Look for the Red Uneeda Seal when warm days and the anticipation of cooling drinks remind you of PRETZELS.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

O-SO-GUD BUTTER PRETZELS. For man-size appetites. Two make a handful! But you'll want to eat more. Go right ahead! They're made of good things. Crisp and fresh. Salted to suit any old-time taste.

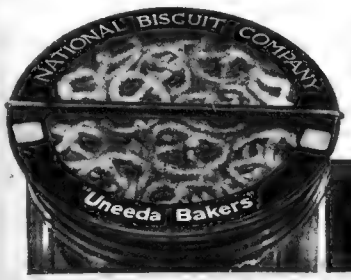
SLIM JIM BUTTER PRETZELS are the Beau Brummels of pretzels. Perhaps we should say the modern "stream-lined" model—big yet dainty, slender yet satisfying. Just right for biting alphabets! It's lots of fun.

These are called PRETZEENOS. Chunky little fellows for those who like their pretzels not too big and not too small. You can eat them by the dozen, for they're real good wholesome food . . . for very, very little.

PRETZELETTES... One makes a bite! But one is just a beginning when you taste these tiny salted treats. They make grand running mates for all sorts of cooling drinks. Good to nibble just by themselves *any* time.

SLIM JIM PRETZEL STICKS have had all the twists taken out for folks who like their pretzels straight. Only the shape has been changed. The flavor is the same that has made Uneeda Bakers pretzels famous!

These are TINY TOTS... in both name and size. You won't find a bend in a bent'n! But you *will* get plenty of pretzels for very little money—pretzels with all the good old taste of the good old days.



Uneeda Bakers

Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 14)

slicker to walk rapidly down the gallery steps and up the hill to the tomb. This, we found, took less than a minute. Next he called into consultation every member of the family; and it was not until he had double-checked their testimony back and forth against each other that he was content.

His interest was not confined to the matter of time; he questioned them as keenly about the sounds that had awakened them. Tony and Mark were particularly examined in regard to Aunt Hagar's scream. How close had it sounded? From which direction had it seemed to come?

Mark was evidently puzzled by this last. He said, rather tartly, that obviously it must have come from the gallery since that was where Aunt Hagar was found.

Tony was still more unsatisfactory. "I can't tell you how it sounded," he said. "All I know is that I heard Doug call, and immediately afterward there was a shot. While I was tumbling out of bed somebody screamed. You don't do much thinking at a time like that."

Jimmy did not press him further; instead he crossed to the door, and, rather surprisingly, shouted—once, twice, and again—with his face turned toward the hill. Returning without comment, he dismissed the subject and went back to the time chart. Since that schedule was used in our later discussion I shall give it here.

TIME CHART ON LEE'S DEATH.

Sunday night—Monday morning.

11:45 Everyone in bed, except Doug.
12:10 Doug turns off his light.
12:15 Doug falls asleep.
1:45 Mrs. Prill goes down to kitchen for Bible.
1:50 Doug is wakened by call on hill.
1:52 Call is repeated in shrubbery near house.
1:53 The call begins moving back up the hill.
1:54 Doug looks out the window and sees Lee running up the hill.
1:55 Aunt Hagar wakes and starts for Doug's room.
1:56 Doug runs down north steps from gallery to hill path. Aunt Hagar tries Doug's door. Gets key from her room. Lee reaches tomb.
1:57 Doug on way up hill. Aunt Hagar enters Doug's room, turns on light.
1:58 Doug reaches tomb, finds Lee's body, calls for help, is struck on head, falls, discharging pistol.
1:59 Aunt Hagar on gallery, sees a figure run down steps of tomb; it bends over and looks at Doug, she screams and faints. Family, with exception of Connie, wakened. Mrs. Prill, in kitchen, hears noise.
2:00 Tony goes down south gallery stairs. Mark unlocks his door and goes into hall. Lucia and Judith put on dressing gowns. Phil and Jimmy try to get out of locked bedrooms.
2:02 Mark tries to unlock Jimmy's door, gets key from his room. Phil gives up hunting for key and climbs out window on to veranda roof. Lucia starts down from third floor. Mrs. Prill starts up from kitchen. Tony pounds on Henry Harker's door.
2:03 Lucia and Mrs. Prill arrive in front hall. Mark manages to open Jimmy's door. Phil pounds on window and is admitted from veranda roof. Judith comes down hall. Tony gives up trying to waken Harker and starts for tomb.
2.04 It is discovered that Lee, Tony, Doug and Aunt Hagar are missing. The group go to Doug's room and find Aunt Hagar on the gallery just reviving from her faint. Connie hears the noise and wakes.
2:05 Aunt Hagar revives enough to say, "Tomb Hill." Tony reaches steps of tomb, finds Lee dead and calls to others on gallery.
2:06 Mark, Phil and Jimmy run up hill.
2:07 They reach tomb and find Tony bending over Lee's body.
2:08 They discover Doug, lying unconscious near Lee.

By the time we had finished, it was 1 o'clock, and such of the family as had any appetite were at lunch. We ate from trays in Doug's room, and listened to his theories while Jimmy scrutinized the chart. Knowing of the stained and crumpled dressing gown in our bedroom, I realized he was trying to reconcile that discovery with the information contained on the sheets of yellow paper.

In the end, he nodded thoughtfully. "It's possible, Phil," he said, "quite possible that Aunt Hagar did it. No one saw her until five minutes after the pistol shot. That would have given her more than enough time to return from the hill."

"Hold on!" Doug had stopped eating and was listening in utter amazement. "You don't mean you're suspecting Aunt Hagar?"

"Just that."

"But how on earth—?"

"Easily enough." Jimmy kept his eyes on the chart as he talked. "Let's say she gets out of bed some time before two. Puts on her bathrobe and slippers and goes into the next room, where Judith is deep in a drugged sleep. She takes the raincoat and rubbers from the hook, puts them on, goes through the French windows, down the north stairs and up to the tomb, where she meets Lee."

"How about that call I heard?"

"Hang that call!" Jimmy's voice was fretful. "I can't, I simply cannot picture Aunt Hagar wailing like a blooming banshee up and down hills and under windows. However, the same thing applies to any other member of the family. If you like, we'll say the old lady doesn't go straight up the hill. She stops in the shrubbery and starts whoo-whooing at Lee.

"For some reason, which we haven't yet discovered, he responds. He gets up without waking Phil, lets himself out of the room, and locks the door upon the other side. He then takes the key and locks all the other doors in the hall, with the exception of Judith's, which he leaves open because he is planning to make his exit through her French windows. If you say all this is far-fetched," he added, "I'll agree with you perfectly. I'm not yet content with any explanation of those locked doors. But that is really another matter.

"What we're taking up now is the question of Aunt Hagar. Suppose we figure that Lee follows her siren song up the hill path to the tomb. It was at that moment you looked out of your window, Doug, and saw him on the hill. I don't suppose you caught a glimpse of Aunt Hagar."

"No. Although, of course, she may have been that figure someone saw bending over me. Hold on! It was Aunt Hagar who told about seeing that figure, wasn't it?" He looked so ludicrously bewildered that Jimmy laughed.

"Yes," he said. "That's one of the fishiest things in her whole story. You see, nobody else happened to look out of the window at the moment; but if anyone had he would probably have seen just what he describes—a shadowy figure in a long cloak, bending over you after you were struck down. In case anyone happened to be looking out, she made her story tally with what he might have seen." He paused to light a cigarette, then:

"Another bit of her testimony which doesn't hold water: she says she saw both Lee's figure and yours. Lee would have been plain enough, because he was lying directly in the lighted centre of the steps, but you were at the side, in the shadow of the bushes. We could barely make you out when we were within ten feet of you. How could she have seen you from the gallery?"

Neither of us had any suggestion to make on that, and he continued: "Let's say that Lee reaches the tomb at 1.56. Aunt Hagar meets him there and strikes him down with that steel mallet. She then cuts his throat, takes the handkerchief from his pocket and is wiping her hands when you, Doug, charge up the path. She withdraws into the shrubbery by the side of the steps while you run forward to Lee, discover he is dead and give a shout; at that moment she steps out and strikes you on the back of the head. As you go down, you involuntarily pull the trigger of the pistol."

I interrupted. "The sound of the shot frightens her and she screams."

"Hold on," Doug's protest was sharp, "that's wrong! She screamed from the gallery."

"How do you know?" Jimmy inquired. "Most of us were in the front of the house, where we couldn't hear distinctly. In addition to that, we were all more or less dopey and stupid. The only two at the back of the house were Mark and Tony. You heard Mark's brilliant argument that the scream must have come from the gallery because Aunt Hagar was found there. Tony admits he can't remember. But if it had seemed to come from the gallery wouldn't he instinctively have gone there first instead of up on the hill?"

This was so true that we stared at him, wordless, while he went on, characteristically testing his own theory.

"Of course that doesn't prove anything, because even if she screamed from the gallery her voice might have been echoed back so that it sounded as though it came from the hill. The test I made a minute ago proves that would have been possible. But suppose she actually was on the hill when she screamed; then, she may have slipped down the path and up to the gallery while Tony was pounding on Harker's door."

"How about the raincoat?" I asked. "Would she have had time to take it back to Judith's room?"

"Conceivably. According to the chart, she had five minutes between the shot and the time she was found. Two minutes would be ample time for getting back to the house, which would leave three to wipe off the rubbers and put the raincoat over the chair in Judith's room. Judith was dopey from that drug. She admits she has no idea how long it was before she was really awake."

"Do you think it possible that Aunt Hagar returned the coat in order to throw suspicion on Judith?"

"As I've said before, anything's possible. I've even toyed with the thought that she might have deliberately suggested the idea of guilt to Judith's mind."

"I see what you mean. You think Aunt Hagar may have some power over Judith because of what she told us about getting tea and doing other things without being asked."

Jimmy nodded. "Yes. On the other hand, Judith has been taking care of the old lady for so long that I fancy their routine has become automatic. I was merely suggesting a vague contingency."

"Look here," Doug protested. "I still can't see that you have any real proof... only a lot of circumstantial evidence."

Jimmy agreed. "What's true of all you've heard so far, but I have one trump card; the dressing gown that Aunt Hagar was wearing last night. It is wet, and stained with blood."

"Blood?" Doug's eyes dilated, and he stammered: "I—I can't believe it. It couldn't be Aunt Hagar. Never in the world."

"No?" Jimmy was watching him closely. "Why do you say that? The old lady has always hated the family."

"She doesn't, really." Doug was eager in her defense. "What I mean is, she pretends to dislike us because it makes her feel superior and important, but, underneath, she's awfully kind. Why, Lucia says when they brought me down from the hill last night, Aunt Hagar wouldn't let anyone else touch me. She insisted upon holding my head while Mark sewed and bandaged it."

"What?" Jimmy sprang to his feet. "You mean to say your head might have been in contact with the front of her dressing gown?"

"Yes." Doug was puzzled by his excitement, then enlightenment dawned. "Of course, that means the blood was from this cut."

"Fool," Jimmy groaned, smiting his forehead and addressing the words to himself. "Moron! Nitwit! Why didn't I think of that?" He stood for a moment with a ludicrous expression of distress upon his face, then: "As you say, without the dressing gown, our whole case dissolves into nothing but circumstantial evidence...and pretty poor evidence at that. Practically the same case might be made out against any woman in the house. If you look at the time chart, you'll see that the scream and shot came at 1:59. It was almost four minutes later that Lucia and Mrs. Prill came into the upper hall and joined us, which means either of them might have been up on the hill. Connie was still later in putting in an appearance, and even Judith may, conceivably, be guilty."

"You've proved that she isn't," I pointed out.

"I proved nothing. I merely said that I didn't believe the amnesia theory she told us. It's in the realm of possibility that her self-accusation was shrewdly conceived for the purpose of lulling our suspicions."

"But why," Doug demanded plaintively, "why do you insist upon its being a woman?"

"If you can explain that wet raincoat and rubbers, I'll gladly switch over to the other sex."

"Could a man have worn them?"

"The raincoat, possibly. The rubbers are much too small."

"Perhaps the raincoat has nothing to do with the murder."

"Then why doesn't someone step forward and say so?" The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a knock at the door, and Lucia entered.

"Is it true," she demanded peremptorily, "that you accused Judith of this murder because her raincoat was damp?"

"We didn't accuse her. She accused herself."

"But I was the one who wore that raincoat."

"You?" Jimmy stared at her.

"Yes." She hesitated, as though reluctant, then went on bravely. "I wanted to speak to Lee last night. I wanted to see him and make sure he was all right. So after everyone was asleep, I came downstairs from the third floor."

"Wait a minute," Jimmy said. "Did you drink any of that mulled wine?"

She looked surprised. "No. I took a cup, then found I didn't want it, so gave it to Connie when she finished hers."

"All right," Jimmy grunted. "What time did you come downstairs?"

"I didn't look at my watch, but it must have been about 1:50. When I got on this floor I went straight to the door of Lee's room...I mean the room which he used to sleep. I didn't know you'd changed him and that Tony was in there."

"Was the door locked at that time?"

"Yes. I rapped once or twice, and when there wasn't any answer I was frightened. I didn't want to disturb anyone so I went down the hall and through Judith's room, intending to go out on the gallery and call him from there."

"Why didn't you use the door in the rear hall?"

"Because the bolt was stuck and I couldn't budge it. When I got in Judith's room I saw the rain was beating against the side of the house and the gallery was flooded. I was wearing a light negligee and satin slippers. I saw her coat and rubbers hanging by the door, and put them on before I went outside. When I reached the gallery doors into Lee's room I found they were locked. But the bed was just inside the window. I finally made Tony hear and he let me in."

"How long were you there?"

"Not very long." She was looking not at Jimmy but at Doug, and I realized that this must be a difficult confession for her to make, in view of her fiance's conventionality, but she went on: "Of course I was surprised to find Tony instead of Lee. He explained about the changed rooms, and I stayed just long enough to smoke a cigarette and talk things over a bit, then started back upstairs."

"By the gallery?"

"Yes; by the gallery. You'll remember the hall door was locked, and there wasn't any key. Tony thought you must have locked him in after he went to sleep. I can tell you exactly what time it was when I went back, because I looked at my wrist watch. It was six minutes of two. I'd barely reached my room and climbed into bed when I heard that shot on the hill."

"Why haven't you told us all this before?" Jimmy demanded.

"Because," she said shakily, "I was so upset by Lee's death I couldn't think of anything else."

That had not been her real reason, I felt sure. Something else had held her back. Was it

(Continued on Page 20)

© 1933, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

MRS. DREAR AND MRS. CHEER

MRS. DREAR: *I* wouldn't *mind* washing dishes if they *didn't* get all *messy* again the next meal. T*here*'s simply no end to it.

MRS. CHEER: Well, let's be thankful we have our health. Dishwashing ain't exactly fun, but it's over soon when you use nice thick soapy Oxydol suds.

OXYDOL is one soap that brings cheers from every woman who tries it. It speeds up dishwashing amazingly—makes every dish and glass glisten with a cleanly gleam. Does it before you can say "Jack Robinson" too!

And the wonderful thing about Oxydol is that it's mild. That means you can use it for delicate clothes without harming a thread. And mild as it is, it gets out every speck of dirt from the dirtiest work clothes too. Everything you wash comes out clean and white in a hurry—snowy as a summer cloud!

The reason is simple. Oxydol makes 50% MORE SUDS in any water, hard or soft, hot or cold—and never balls up or leaves a scum. A soap that makes such plentiful suds can wash faster and cleaner and still be mild and kind to hands.

And don't forget that extra suds are an economy. With every package of Oxydol you get 50% MORE SUDS FOR YOUR MONEY. Ask your grocer for a package today.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

LET OXYDOL DO THE WORK

BIG TIME By Rae Chadwell

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

ROGER TRENT has worked ten years for the Starr Trust Company, the bank which is the pride of old Mark Starr, wealthy banker [illegible]. Beautiful Ann Trent, Roger's wife, is very ambitious for her husband and their daughter Babs. Ann fears that Roger, thirty-one and still merely a teller, [illegible] occupy a high place [illegible] employes are discharged but Ann [illegible] assistant cashier. [illegible] Jerome Starr [illegible] interest in the [illegible] Tiffany Darrel [illegible] The day before New Year's, D. W. [illegible] more and more under her spell.

CHAPTER IX.

Executive Vice-President.

Ann Stepped Through the Entrance With the Air of a Cinderella Leaving Behind Her Forever Her Rags and Ashes for the Gilded Coach of Romance and Desire.

THE taxi bore Roger Trent rapidly homeward through the gloom.

Lights glowed cosily through innumerable windows. Little Christmas trees in their holiday finery, strung with colored lights cut through the dusk

Roger thought of Ann at home—waiting for him, keeping supper warm in a little house that would be dim again tonight—and shoddy by contrast. He shivered and turned up his coat collar. Eons seemed to have passed since he had entered Tiffany's apartment.

Ann met him at the door. The wistfulness in her face and the fervor with which she greeted him told him how long the afternoon had been for her. He was conscience stricken. He kissed her over and over, warming his chilled cheek against her flushed one, holding her close. He was a skunk. Ann was too good for a bum like him!

She had supper in the oven keeping warm, and fluttered about the kitchen like a mother bird at Spring hatching. She spoke of his paleness and he deplored the fact that he always had to drink with Starr.

"He soaks it up like a sponge," he said.

Ann murmured compassionate endearments about his having to suffer because of Starr's thirst. Roger felt rotten. Deceiving Ann and maligning Starr. Where was he heading anyhow? He had a frightening sense of his own inadequacy. He wanted Ann to put her arms around him, to comfort him. He pulled her away from the stove, but she gaily told him to wait till after supper.

When they had eaten, he urged her to leave the dishes and sat with her curled against him before the fire while Babs scrambled over them both, telling them the story in her new story book. Ann asked if they had discussed the promotion. He told her that it was assured and she began to unfold her plans. A very penitent and subdued Roger gave ear to all she had to say.

"Dear," she asked hesitantly yet in a breath fraught with hope and unspoken dreams, "do you think it possible that we'll ever be invited to the Starrs'?"

Ann always knocked his moonings over his misbehavior into a cocked hat, was his first reflection. And a good thing, too. What he was doing was the only route to the attainment of her desires. As long as Ann reached for the unreachable he was bound to try for it if he saw an opening, regardless of where it led him. That eased his conscience.

"What else could I do, anyhow?" he asked himself. "D. W. wanted me there, and I'd like to know how I could have got out of going and been sure of that promotion, too."

"I wouldn't be surprised, Ann," he said in answer to her query. It was the first time he had given her that hope.

"Couldn't we afford a better place, Daddy?" she asked.

He gazed moodily at Ann, wondering how high her ambitions were.

"We won't need it for some time yet, if you're thinking of Mrs. Starr," he said bluntly.

Ann did not get invited to the Starr's and Roger did not go to Juniper Lodge and they didn't move until a year and a half later, in the Summer of 1926, after Roger had been promoted to the position of Executive Vice-President. For Roger, basking in the gratifying warmth of his promotion to cashier, took himself aside and had a long, enlightening talk with Roger Trent.

He said: It is nice to come up in the world. I didn't realize quite how nice until now. I'm beginning to be somebody around the Starr Trust Company. Why, even old Tyler treats me with more respect.

He said: It's great to be making real money. A nest egg tucked away in the bank gives a fellow confidence.

He said: I'm no fool; I know I couldn't have done it if old D. W. hadn't taken a shine to me.

He said: That's the deuce of it; I'm not sure of my stand because my promotion wasn't made on merit only.

He said: Anytime D. W. loses interest I'm A. W. O. L. And now!

He said: I'll play smart. I'll not fly high. I'll save. I'll invest. If D. W. does let me down, I won't be stranded. I'll have something.

He said: Tiffany Darrel is Dave Starr's girl. She's out!

Thus was outlined the policy of the new cashier of the Starr Trust Company which was to last a brief eighteen months.

He was assisted unconsciously by Starr himself, who with Mabel and Jerome and his family—and Tiffany Darrel, though the Starr women did not know that—went to France and Italy for seven months of that time.

Ann was not in sympathy with his program. She wanted to expand immediately, but Roger convinced her that his investments would assure abundant returns and she reluctantly gave in.

The Mt. Jovite Railway Power and Light were agitating a movement for higher street car fare. The present fare, far under the rate in other cities, made a profit for the company as Roger well knew because of Starr's control. Roger argued that if they won the increase—almost double its present price—the company should reap a surplus profit and the stock was bound to go up. He bought Mt. Jovite Power and Light, all that he could pay for each month.

In the course of the year the company won the rate and true to Roger's reasoning the stock began to climb. And Roger kept buying.

On Starr's return, he saw Tiffany Darrel intermittently as Starr took the notion to invite him out. But he was careful never to be left alone in her presence and was almost brutally cold to her, a fact that irritated Tiffany's pique, causing her to become vitally interested in the handsome, intoxicatingly alive man who had suddenly become as immobile as stone. She knew he was not stony. She had seen him when he bent to her mood like a reed in the breeze.

In reality, Roger was flamingly responsive to every vibration of her fullness of womanhood, and would have avoided her altogether if it had been practical. But Dave Starr had grown fond of the young man he had selected for favor and made increasingly frequent demands upon his time. Thus he was brought into contact with Tiffany Darrel and she echoed through his life like the strains of a great celestial symphony.

It was she who precipitated the crisis. David Starr, certain now of his hold on Roger and tremendously pleased with the good will the young man was cementing for him among the employes and with his tireless efforts in the interest of the bank, had been speculating with the idea of raising him to executive vice-presidency. Roger was the man for the place, he concluded. Tiffany had gathered his intention and at the precise moment when it would count most, said "Why don't you do it, darling? He's such a cheerful infant, and gets such a kick out of things. Hand him a real position and watch his smile."

So Roger Trent became Executive Vice-President of the Starr Trust Company, and Dave Starr brought him to Oxford Arms afterwards.

Tiffany was alluring in something droopy, white and clinging. Her eyes were like sapphires under a golden dome. She wore one diamond bracelet on her left arm—something Roger noted immediately for Tiffany rarely wore jewelry. He saw at once the object of the sparkling stones, they emphasized the creaminess of the slim arm against the white background of dress.

"We should have a real celebration, Dave," she said after she had congratulated Roger. "Your rising star must not be treated lightly. Nothing less than a party at Juniper Lodge is worthy."

Roger knew by this time that Juniper Lodge was a set stage for parties of unheard-of revelry, lasting two or three days at a stretch. He had no desire to participate. That was for high fliers with money and wives they had grown tired of, or wives content to be bought off. Ann wouldn't hear of his going out of town overnight.

Come to think of it, he had never spent a night away from Ann since they were married. That was a record! It was a cinch that Ann would raise Cain. Not even the powerful inducement of being D. W.'s guest would count for anything if D. W. wanted to take him out of town. Besides, Ann wasn't so blind about D. W. any more. She had heard of the carryings-on of the Starrs—he used the plural, since Jerome, too, had cropped up with a surprising blonde, a weakness of the Starrs, on his return from Europe. Then Ann had seen a picture in the society columns of Mrs. David Starr which could not by the greatest stretch of the imagination be mistaken for the dazzling woman of the football game.

"I might have known," Ann had remarked at the time with wifely righteousness, "that only a common vulgar woman would dress like that. Bizarre! I wonder what it is that makes a woman of that type wear clothes which positively mark her in public. You'd think she would want to be as inconspicuous as possible."

Roger wanted to tell her that beauty such as Tiffany Darrel's could not be made inconspicuous. Instead he said, "You didn't think that when you believed she was Mrs. Starr. You thought she was the most beautiful woman you ever saw."

"Oh, well, darling, that was at first glance," Ann had answered with that superior certainty of being right that made him want to shake her and tell her a thing or two about women. He had let the conversation drop. If he got started in Tiffany's defense no telling what he would say. But Ann was more inquisitive now as to where he spent his hours with David Starr... No; this Juniper Lodge thing wouldn't do. He said so. And when Tiffany insisted upon his reason he told her.

Her color was high and Roger fancied he detected a shade of resentment in her tone as she said, "Your wife!" Then more gently, "Shame, child. It would give your boss pleasure," and she smoothed the black shining hair of the great Starr.

It put Starr on his mettle. Who was Ann Trent to interfere with his pleasure? He straightened importantly like a peacock preening its feathers, pulled his coat more snugly around his waistline and said, "Leave it to me. Go ahead with arrangements for the party, Tiffany."

Roger started to protest but Starr waved his words aside.

"Forget it. Let's have a drink," he said.

The next day he strolled into Roger's office. Roger rose quickly.

"Keep your seat," Starr said and sat down.

"Your wife ambitious socially, Trent?" he asked.

"Well——" Roger flushed, hardly knowing how to answer that one.

Starr smiled. "Let's don't beat about the bush. She'd be an unusual woman if she wasn't. You're coming up in the world now and it seems to me it would be to your advantage to make

(Continued on Page 19)

HOW often you've seen it happen!

A man meets a stunning looking girl. He says to himself, *"Beautiful!"*

He dances with her . . . and says to himself as he turns away, *"Cheap!"*

Nothing so surely and quickly marks a girl down in the estimation of a man, as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

And this form of personal neglect is all the more inexcusable because it is so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from the slightest trace of odor. With Mum!

Mum is a fragrant snowy cream which gives all-day or all-evening protection. Half a minute is all you need to smooth a little Mum under each arm. No fuss, no bother, no time wasted.

You can use Mum any time—when dressing or afterwards. It makes no difference, for Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms. Remember, too, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration.

Another thing women like Mum for is to remove clinging odors of onions, fish or dry cleaner from the hands.

Don't risk *your* popularity. Make sure that underarm odor can never be detected on *your* person. Be safe with Mum! 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. The Mum Mfg Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a wonderful deodorant for sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

Famous Doctors now say—

INDIGESTION, poor appetite, headaches, etc., are usually caused by sluggish intestines . . . *constipation.*

Fresh yeast almost always brings relief from this trouble. It is a *food* that actually "tones" and strengthens the intestines . . . softens the food masses . . . rids you *gently* of the poisons that are upsetting your health.

Try Fleischmann's Yeast yourself—3 cakes a day! Directions on the label.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for Health*

Copyright 1933 Standard Brands Incorporated

© 1933, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Prehistoric Carvings Reveal How Primitive Man Lived

(Continued from Double Page)

animal lost enough of the red liquid inside him he went into a sort of sleep. If the bleeding did not go too far, he would wake up later and get well, though he would be very pale for some time. If he lost too much of the red stuff, he never awoke. So when they were sick or wounded they painted themselves with red ochre. Bodies of the dead seem to have been smeared with it for burial, perhaps to make them strong and well in the next world. They were afraid of ghosts, and when they buried their friends and relatives they sometimes tied their feet so their ghosts would not haunt them.

In any case, whether the men or the women were ruling the home, each sex had its own special magic. While the hunters were carrying on their hocus pocus in the depths of the caves, the women had a different line but no doubt just as good and fully as secret. Some of these mystery cults of the women persisted into historic times.

Besides their pictures there is ample evidence that these people, with their weapons of stone, wood and bone, were able to hunt and kill the biggest and fiercest of animals. They killed and ate the wild horse for thousands of years before discovering that it was useful for anything but food. If a caveman were to come to life today and be invited to order anything he liked to eat, he might likely call for a juicy horse steak, broiled hanging from a pointed stick over a wood fire. What would be his surprise to learn that his finicky descendants would be nauseated at the thought of eating horse flesh.

Probably, but not quite so certainly, the same magic reasons that prompted the European cave-art inspired the artists who have left pictures of the rhinoceros and other animals in so many parts of Africa. Africa possesses few caves. Accordingly, little or no ancient art has been found in the great central region of the continent now occupied by forest and jungle. This part of Africa is subject to much rain. If ancient paintings ever were made, as doubtless many were, the weather has ruined them. There are great regions in Africa, however, which possess another set of conditions suitable for the preservation of such ancient art. These are the deserts.

In every desert region of the world which has been well explored, there have been found examples of ancient rock carvings or other prehistoric art. Undoubtedly this is not because primitive artists always or usually lived in deserts. It is merely because the desert and the cave are virtually the only places where such art can last more than a few centuries. Everywhere else the weather soon ruins it, as weather would ruin the paintings of modern artists were it allowed to reach them.

In the deserts of South Africa and of the Sahara region, the two parts of the continent where ancient art does survive in hundreds of examples, modern students have found representations of extinct creatures like those which exist in the European caves. The white rhinoceros, which was the subject of one of the best of the South African rock pictures, still exists, it is true, although in greatly diminished numbers, but others of the South African pictographs perhaps equally remarkable show the South African mastodon, another extinct member of the elephant family which modern scientists had reconstructed from fossils such as from which they had reconstructed the hairy mammoth.

Undoubtedly the South African artists who made these rock pictures saw and knew this mastodon just as they did the white rhinoceros. Both animals are shown, indeed, in the same paintings, so that both must have existed at the same time. Nowadays the mastodon has vanished altogether and the white rhinoceros is vanishing. But the portraits for which they sat in life remain.

In northern Africa, along the borders of the Sahara Desert, are similar rock pictures of the small African elephant known from historical records to have been used in the armies of ancient Carthage. These small elephants, not the modern gigantic ones, were the beasts used in the Carthaginian armies when Hannibal was attacking Rome. Nowadays this small North African elephant is extinct, but good portraits of it remain on the rocks of the Atlas Mountains north of the Sahara.

With it on the rocks are recognizable portraits of another animal also extinct, the African wild ass, and portraits of three others which no longer exist in this region: the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros and the Asiatic buffalo, which still survives in India but not in Africa. Thus, once more, records left by the ancient artists yield information of value to students of the former distribution of different kinds of animals over the earth.

No doubt the African artists painted on the rocks also as did the European cavemen, but even in the driest deserts the burning sun and the sand storms erased his pigments. Fortunately there was a school of art in which the pictures were cut into the surface of the rock with some sort of punch-like instrument, presumably a flint chisel. Like the cave artists, the chiselers were working for the ages and did not realize it.

One of the first things one notices about a modern rhinoceros, in the wild, is that the great beast is accompanied by tick birds which ride on his back, removing and eating the ticks, parasites which infest the creases of the leathery hide. It has been said that when the monster invites them by opening his cavernous mouth, the tick birds flutter in and pick his teeth for him. Whether this is true or not, they certainly warn the beast, whose eyes are not very keen, of the approach of possible enemies by flying up from his back with sharp cries.

Science would have had no idea how long this bird and beast partnership had been going on if one of the African petroglyphs had not revealed a rhinoceros whose back was well covered with the birds. Another characteristic of the horn-snouted brute is his justly-famous mean disposition, prompting him to charge at most any creature he sees bigger than a wart-hog. For this reason he has no friends except the tick birds today.

Science might have guessed that he was always that way but apparently he was once good natured. One of the African petroglyphs done while a mammoth, known as Archidiskodon, still lived shows the mammoth actually giving the rhinoceros a playful push with his tusks, something no modern elephant would care to do because he would know that it would be followed instantly by the "battle of the century" for that locality.

In the Transvaal was found a stone drawing of a hare so closely resembling those still to be found in that area that evolution has evidently not worked noticeably on the animal since the picture was made. Judging from the signs of erosion caused by sun and wind this must have been several thousand years ago. Other petroglyphs show that once creatures were prevalent in certain parts of the Transvaal which now are far too dry for them.

Geologists had already determined that parts of that area which today are virtually desert were, in the remote past, full of dense, swampy vegetation, with shallow lakes in depressions, called "pans." But man was there and to prove it sends us a stone picture card down the ages of a web-footed pelican, in whose beak is seen some sort of long-tailed creature which science cannot identify, but may be a lizard.

These original artists died out, moved away or degenerated mentally. African natives, from time to time, seeing these ancient works of art, have been inspired to try their hand but the result has always been a crude, childish imitation. However, there are scraps of valuable work done by someone within historic times. In one South African cave, an exception to the rule in the dark continent, there is an ancient painting on the ceiling.

The remarkable thing is that the painting apparently represents white persons, although no white race is known to have inhabited this part of Africa until relatively recent times. The white persons depicted in this cave painting seem, also, to be playing musical instruments and executing some kind of dance.

Interpretations of this remarkable painting still differ, but many experts agree that it may be a relic of some ancient Egyptian expedition into Southern Africa. No such expedition is definitely recorded in surviving Egyptian records, but many students of ancient history believe that Egyptian expeditions did explore a considerable part of the African continent, probably seeking for gold or other precious mineral materials. Some one of these expeditions may have taken with it, it is imagined, either an actual band of musicians and entertainers or else individuals who were able to organize such entertainments. To the untutored minds of the African natives anything like an Egyptian vaudeville show would have seemed, doubtless, to be some extremely potent variety of magic worked by the foreigners and responsible for the many worthwhile things which these foreigners were observed to do. It is quite natural, therefore, that the natives should have painted, on the ceiling of some sacred cave, a picture of this supposed magical ceremony which they saw.

This particular picture may be a record from the dim and ancient past when Pharaoh Necho caused the circumnavigation of Africa. This Egyptian ruler sent a fleet out of the Red Sea and after several years some of the ships returned through the Straits of Gibraltar. They had to stop several times to plant and harvest their seed and grain on the coasts of this unknown continent. Compared with such a feat, the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers seems almost like a picnic.

Another example of what may be a valuable historical record is the fact that in the caves and rock shelters of Spain there are found many representations of the human figure showing a remarkable shape. Instead of being drawn in natural form, these ancient human portraits are narrowed excessively at the waist, like the tightly-laced women of a generation ago. The significant thing is that one of the great sea-going civilizations of ancient time, that which centered in the Empire of Minos in the Island of Crete, actually had the custom of lacing both men and women in this way.

Cretan athletes, for example, wore tightly-laced girdles and corselets. Surviving statues and paintings of Cretan ladies show the breast bare and the waist narrowed almost to the thickness of a wrist. The famous portrait of the snake goddess, evidently worshiped by this Cretan civilization, is a well-known example of what must have been a prevailing fashion of tight lacing among both sexes for many years.

This confirms the historic probability that Cretan mariners made frequent voyages to Spain and Western Africa for gold and for tin necessary to use with copper in making bronze tools and weapons. Whether it was a humpbacked, hairy mammoth or a wasp-waisted Cretan, these ancient artists were no nature fakers. They drew things exactly as they saw them and, what is equally important, they saw them as they really were.

"I recommend them,"

says LILYAN TASHMAN

"I advise women everywhere to secure soft, flowing permanent waves with Frederics Vita Tonic Process," says Lilyan Tashman . . . but to avoid harmful imitations and substitutes . . . ask to see the Frederics Vita Tonic Compound* . . . also ask your hairdresser about the new Vitan Permanent Wave . . . it's cooler . . . more beautiful . . . more comfortable . . . a longer lasting permanent wave.

Send the coupon below for your FREE 10c package of non-acid Vita Luster Hair Rinse—an interesting booklet on the care of your hair and a list of the Frederics Permanent Wavers in your neighborhood.

*Look for this Vita Tonic Wrapper when having your permanent wave. See that no harmful imitations are used.

frederics VITA-TONIC Permanent Waves

E. FREDERICS, INC., 235-247 E. 45th St., New York City - Dept. 201

Please send me FREE your Frederics Vita Luster Hair Rinse—booklet —and list of the Frederics Permanent Wavers in my neighborhood.

Name..... Address.....

City..... State..... Color of your Hair.....

BIG TIME By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 18)

social connections. A wife can be a great help to a man in that way. I'm sure yours would be glad to."

"I know she would," Roger murmured, wondering what was coming next.

"I can open a lot of doors for you, Trent."

"Thank you, Mr. Starr," Roger stammered.

"What evening could you bring your wife out to the house to dinner?" Starr asked, rising.

Roger's heart bounded in crazy irregular thumps. He wanted to say, "Whew!" but he had gained poise in the last year.

"Thursday?"

"Good, at seven, Thursday."

Roger's elation subsided gradually as the afternoon wore on. He had learned that for every favor bestowed, David Starr exacted value in full.

He tried to share Ann's delirious enthusiasm when he told her of it, but the thought of Juniper Lodge and a night away from her intruded itself and turned his triumph to dust.

What the deuce, he kept telling himself; it is no crime to have a little fun in life. But he wasn't so sure of that when Ann snuggled trustingly against him in the dark. Ann was Ann—and Ann was his. And he owed her fairplay. What the deuce, anyway! How did he know it wasn't fairplay. He had better wait till he got to his bridges before he tried to cross them.

CHAPTER X.

Ann Blossoms.

ANN, waiting under the portico of Dave Starr's Crystal Heights home, gazed through the heavy glass doors with feverish little girl eyes. Beyond those massive portals was the hidden treasure she had been seeking. In a moment the glass doors would swing open and before her eyes a magic world would unroll—for her to enter.

She was ready to enter it, at ease. Her clothes, she thought without looking down at them, were meticulously correct. She had selected them with the care she would have bestowed on a gown for the presentation to His Majesty the King at the Court of St. James.

She stepped through the entrance with the air of a Cinderella leaving behind her forever her rags and ashes for the gilded coach of romance and desire.

Roger walked by her side proudly—and wonderingly. If ever a woman was fit to wield the scepter of social sovereignty, Ann was. Her figure, slender and straight and fragile in a transparent silver gown that brought to mind a vision of snow and moonlight, with a soft shell velvet wrap hugged close around her, and moonlight slippers, filled him with strange unsettling sensations. It was as if Ann, whom he had known all his life, had been harboring a stranger under her familiar guise to be released with the opening of David Starr's doors—to walk in majesty.

Her dark head held high, she appeared to be unaware that she stood in surroundings to which she was unaccustomed. Roger, whose every emotion was mirrored in his face and actions, was amazed. He would never have believed it. Ann, who went into ecstasies over the smallest thing at home, had only eyes for her host and hostess. She gave no indication by word or sign that she saw the magnificance of the richly furnished rooms that Roger felt was "knocking him for a loop."

Mrs. Starr, who had complied rather gracelessly with David's request to invite the Trents to dinner, greeted them cordially enough, but Roger detected a stiffness in her manner and an acridity in her smile which hung like a pasted ad on her lifeless features. Of that, Ann also seemed unaware. Her ease and naturalness all but had Roger gaping. David Starr, who had anticipated a boring evening, revived with alacrity under her charm.

Ann Trent was no woman to be passed by with a bare glance: not by a jugful, was his thought. Jupiter! Where did a common bank teller get a thoroughbred like that? He clothed himself in his best "ladies' man" and proceeded to appropriate Ann.

But Ann was shrewd. Wives never felt kindly toward women who hogged the show with their men. She wisely appealed to Mabel Starr time and again when Starr insisted upon keeping her in the spotlight.

She's no ratbrain; no pretty speech, nor old fool's infatuation is going to turn her level head, was Mabel Starr's conclusion.

Ann complimented her upon her work in the charities and exclaimed over the newspaper cuts of Mabel Starr's garden that had taken first prize at the flower show.

David Starr was treated to the astounding phenomenon of seeing his frigid, unapproachable wife thawed under his very eyes. By the wife of a common bank hand, he chuckled to himself, using Mabel's own qualifying term. But that's no wonder when you look at Ann Trent, he thought. Her husband is a lucky young fool—to have her for a wife and me for a boss. It is a pity she is his wife. If she were not, I could invite her to Juniper Lodge, too.

The day of miracles is not over, he had to add when, as the Trents were leaving, Mabel said warmly to Ann:

"You must drop in informally some afternoon and have a look at the gardens."

It was the only moment during the evening in which Roger got a glimpse of the Ann he knew. Delight broke in one rare illuminating flash over her face. The truth was, it was really more than Ann had expected after an appraisal of Mabel Starr. She wanted to pinch herself to see if she were awake.

"I'd love to," she said composedly.

Roger felt a crazy exuberant pride in Ann. Did he have some wife? He'd tell the world!

"I can see now." Dave Starr said, flatteringly to her, "why nothing on earth can keep Trent from being a success."

Ann smiled into his eyes. "You've been wonderful to him, Mr. Starr."

"Others are beginning to notice him, too," Starr said. "In fact Carl Durbin asked if I would bring him over to his place this week-end for a little shooting. I was just telling Trent. It seems you are the boss."

Roger saw the shrinking in Ann's eyes. He squirmed. A deuce of a mess! He hoped Ann would be herself and tell Starr flatly that she couldn't imagine being left alone over the week-end. Ann looked appealingly at him. He saw her answer: it was a big price to pay, but they mustn't loose their footing just as they had gained it. He had a maniacal desire to shout, "No! No!"

Ann said, "It is nice of you to ask him."

He was silent all the way home while Ann bubbled on nervously, but avoiding the one subject—his

(Continued on Page 20)

Drop FREEZONE on that aching corn. Instantly it stops hurting; then shortly you lift the corn right off with the fingers. You'll laugh, really! It is so easy and doesn't hurt one bit. Works like a charm, every time.

A tiny bottle of FREEZONE costs only a few cents at any drug store, and is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, and calluses. Try it!

FREEZONE

CLEAR UP SKIN TONIGHT

Ugly pimples, itchy rash and blemishes won't mar the beauty of your skin any more if you will just use a little of this clean ointment—a marvelous blend of two wonderful skin remedies, Menthol and Flowers of Sulphur. Your skin will look better by morning. Soon it will be smooth and beautiful. Ask your druggist for a jar of

Rowles Mentho Sulphur

CAN A WIFE FORGIVE THIS?

by Timmins

What a kill-joy "B.O." is!

(body odor)

IT MAKES life miserable for its victims. Threatens their jobs, their social position—even their homes! To guard happiness—guard against "B.O." (*body odor*). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It is so *different* from ordinary toilet soaps that it even *smells* different. You will recognize its clean, refreshing, quick-vanishing scent as a promise of *extra* protection. Lifebuoy's creamy, abundant lather does more than merely surface-cleanse. It penetrates and purifies pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

To freshen your skin

Try this recipe for a clear, radiant, April-fresh complexion. Every night massage Lifebuoy's gentle, purifying lather well into the pores; then rinse. Watch your skin bloom with healthy beauty.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

© 1933, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 19)

shooting trip. Ann was feeling the same way about it, he gloomed; she couldn't fool him with her chatter. He tried to argue that she couldn't have said anything else, that she couldn't help herself any more than he could. Starr was the one to blame. He repeated it, Starr was to blame, trying to convince himself. But the feeling persisted that Ann had sold him into bondage. That she was deliberately stepping to social prominence at a cost she couldn't be entirely blind to. It punctured his ego. He hadn't believed that Ann would consent, except under the most urgent circumstances, to his staying away over night. He felt forlorn, deserted... Well, so be it.

Word had spread by noon the next day—to those in the know—that Starr was throwing a party at Juniper Lodge that week-end for his new vice-president.

It gradually seeped into Roger's mind that he had assumed the importance of a candidate for a grand fraternal order. It began when Jerome, who had scarcely noticed him, bobbed into his office with the grinning comment: "Hear you're coming up to the Lodge."

"Why, yes."

"Why, yes," mimicked Jerome in high humor, using his exact tone. "Boy! You've got something coming to you!" And bobbed out.

Donald was next. Scudding across the lobby at sight of Roger, he wheeled and ducked over to him. "Hi, old man, hear you've snapped into it."

"How's that?"

"Coming up to the Lodge, aren't you?"

"You bet," said Roger, enthusiastically this time.

"Pretty soft for you. You'll get the kick of your life."

Roger went out to lunch, nettled. What was this Lodge business, anyhow?"

At the Buffet, in the act of sitting down, he was attracted by Timothy Barnes, millionaire coal operator and one of the directors of the Starr Trust Company, whom he addressed occasionally in Dave Starr's office. Barnes was smiling broadly and motioning for him to join him. Amazed and puzzled, Roger complied.

"Hear we're obliged to you for the party at the Lodge, Saturday night," he boomed genially.

Roger smiled a discreet admission.

"You'll cut your eye teeth up there, kid," chuckled the great Timothy. "Big stuff for a young fellow like you. You'll find out what makes the wheels go round. Must be something to you, youngster, to get a break like Dave Starr's giving you."

Roger acknowledged this meekly. His rise had been so steady and he had been so absorbed that he had not taken time to meditate upon it. He meditated upon it now, to the rumble of Timothy Barnes' voice. Must be a break! Sitting across from one of Mt. Jovite's biggest politicians, lunching. It came over him with staggering clarity that he was the object of a mirruculous transformation. He tried to take Timothy Barnes' check and was rewarded by a comradely slap on the back and an appropriation of his own.

David Starr, himself, put the last embellishing touch to his kindling excitement.

"Well, how's the boy?" he asked more intimately than he had ever spoken to him, coming into his office.

"Great, Mr. Starr," Roger said. "I guess I didn't half appreciate this invitation to Juniper Lodge. It is just beginning to soak in now."

Starr clapped him on the back, almost fondly. "Get out your war paint, boy. We're going up for a big time!"

* * *

Roger had his bag in readiness to depart with Dave Starr when the bank closed at noon Saturday. At the last minute Ann, wearing the lost expression of an abandoned kitten, appeared in the office to bid him good-by.

Ann was regretful; he could feel it; but wondered, even as he kissed her, how he could ever have wished that she would stop his going.

She walked out with him and he stood with Starr in the shadow of the imposing colonnade that had once filled him with awe and importance, but of which he was wholly oblivious now, and waved at her as she pulled away from the curb.

"I sent the big car on with flowers," Starr said. "We are driving out with Tiffany. She is waiting at The Outpost."

The Outpost, a fashionable tea room, bordered the last fringe of Elm Boulevard. They rode out in a taxi and found Tiffany sunning herself in her long, low-slung roadster, cream colored and glittering with nickelplate.

Her delicate lavender ensemble of knitted material was a perfect blend for the car. Across her shoulders was one of the very new blue fox furs—shading to lavender down its center. Her close fitting turban was of the same shade and with her hair curling around its edges resembled a huge amethyst in an old gold setting. Her eyes, reflecting the color of her clothes, were two deep-set sparking amethysts under a brilliant sun. There was zest and dash in her greeting that sent Roger's blood spinning through his veins.

"Tiffany drives like a maniac," Starr informed him as they got in beside her, Starr in the middle. "Hold onto your hat and your reputation." "

The day was perfect and traffic was not heavy. Tiffany shot the big car forward and they hummed out onto the highway.

She certainly believed in speed, Roger decided, as he watched the speedometer climb—fifty—sixty—seventy. He tried to keep his nervousness down and to control his right foot which pushed spasmodically against the floor. He glanced at Tiffany. Her head was high, her body erect—every line of her animated by the fire of excitement and exhilaration. Her eyes—turned to him for a moment—were two glowing purple coals.

They swung onto the River Road, where a vista of unparalleled beauty unfolded before them as they skimmed along the banks of the famed Taunee. At a bend they swept up an incline. Tiffany pressed the accelerator to the floor and the car spurted forward, gaining speed on the upgrade.

"For heaven's sake, Tiffany, slow down," shouted Starr. "We're climbing Death's Bend!"

A laugh of sheer joy and daring rang from Tiffany's lips; the speedometer held its own. Roger's hair raised. No man living could make Death's Bend at that speed. It was almost a right angle turn on the side of the hill with a drop of a thousand feet or more to the river below. He saw the curve of the abutment ahead swooping toward them; he choked trying to make a sound. Then the speedometer hurtled down with lightning-like suddeness and they came to a dead stop at the summit of Death's Bend.

Roger took off his hat and fanned his face. Dave Starr sank weakly back in his seat and said, "Blast it, Tiffany, if you do that again, I hope you go over the side!"

"Darling!" chided Tiffany roguishly, her eyes—twin jewels in a pool of light—seeking Roger's across Starr's limp figure. "I wanted to give our guest all the thrills of the trip."

"It takes all the wind out of me," Starr growled, mopping his perspiring forehead frankly.

"I can live on a bit less excitement, myself," said Roger, scanning the concrete wall at his right which still showed evidences of cars that had come upon it unawares and earned for it its morbid name.

Tiffany's laugh, musical and uncommonly carefree, re-ched against the side of the hill that loomed on their left.

"All right, angels; at ease," she said and stepped on the gas again.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1933, by Rae Chadwell.
All Rights Reserved.

Blind-Man's-Buff

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 16)

because she feared Doug would misunderstand her being in Tony's room at that hour?

She hurried on: "I never dreamed you'd think Judith had committed the murder, or I'd have told you at once. She couldn't have done it, Jimmy. I saw her lying asleep when I hung the coat over the chair; and, later, after the shot, when I came downstairs she was just putting on her dressing gown."

"You're sure of that?"

"Absolutely certain. There's someone else you can cross off your list, too. While I was in Judith's room, I heard Aunt Hagar getting out of bed. When I went upstairs she was starting down the hall toward Doug's room with a thermos bottle and a cup in her hands."

Judith and Aunt Hagar were crossed definitely off our list of suspects. This was not done, however, until Jimmy had carefully checked up on all of Lucia's statements. First, came the question of the thermos and cup which Aunt Hagar had carried. Several of the family remembered having seen them on the table in Doug's room immediately after Lee's death. Mrs. Prill clinched the matter by testifying that she had taken them both downstairs to the kitchen for washing.

Jimmy also cross-examined Tony. He seemed reluctant at first to give any account of Lucia's nocturnal visit, but Jimmy made short work of that, and he ended by corroborating her story. He insisted he had no idea of the time of her arrival, but agreed she had left the room by the gallery door at six minutes of two. Entering this upon the time chart, Jimmy looked startled.

"Then Lucia must have been in your room at the time Doug heard that call, and on the gallery while Lee was going up the hill path."

Tony agreed it was so, but he claimed it was not surprising they had failed to hear the call. They had both been busy talking. The door had been closed, and the rain pounding on the gallery roof. On the other:

"It would have been impossible for us to see Lee," he contended. "The hill path is completely cut off by trees from the north end of the gallery."

Jimmy checked on this and found it was true. The only view of the hill path and tomb was from the extreme southern end of the gallery and the back windows of Doug's room. He also tried the experiment of coming down the stairs from the third floor, and found that it would have been easily possible for Lucia to see Judith putting on her dressing gown. Obviously, if Judith was there when Lucia went upstairs, and there again when she came down, it would have been impossible for her to be on the hill at the time of Lee's murder.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1933, by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements.
All Rights Reserved.

American Weekly Patterns

A SIMPLE SUMMER DRESS (7855). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20, with corresponding bust sizes 33½, 35, 36½ and 38 and in 40 and 42. Size 16 will require 3⅞ yards of 35-inch material. If skirt portions are cut on the bias it will require 4½ yards.

A PRETTY APRON (7848). Designed in 4 sizes: Small 34-36, medium 38-40, large 42-44 and extra large 46-48. Size medium will require 2¼ yards of 35-inch material, and 6⅝ yards of 1½-inch binding.

AN ATTRACTIVE FROCK FOR MANY OCCASIONS (7850). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 38 with skirt cut on a lengthwise part of material will require 3¼ yards, with skirt cut bias, 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material.

A DAINTY COMFORTABLE DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL (7869). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. Size 2 will require 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material.

A SIMPLE FROCK WITH OR WITHOUT APRON (7918). Alice in Wonderland wore a little "waist" dress with full skirt and short sleeves, and a crisp apron tied at the back, and broad on the shoulders with bretelles. Designed in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 1⅝ yards of 35-inch material for the dress and ⅞ yard of contrasting material for the apron.

GIRL'S DRESS (7634). Designed in sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅞ yards of 35 inch printed material, and ⅞ yard of contrasting material if made as in the large view.

BOY'S TWO PIECE SUIT (7838). Designed in sizes 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material. To line the coat requires 1¼ yards of 35-inch lining.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 15c in coin, for EACH PATTERN (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 STERLING PLACE,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

7855 ..... Size 7850 ..... Bust
7848 ..... Size 7869 ..... Years
7634 ..... Years 7838 ..... Years
7918 ..... Years
Name .....
St. & No. .....
City & State .....
PATTERNS 15c EACH.

If you desire a copy of our NEW SPRING AND SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS FOR 1933, containing 230 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker, send 10c in coin.

Plugs up holes so they can't be seen ...Holds nails and screws better than plaster, tile or natural wood... Handles easy, like putty ...Try it

By all odds the quickest, easiest, most inexpensive way to expertly mend breaks in furniture, hide nicks, seal cracks and plug up holes in plaster, tile or wood so they'll never be seen—is to use Plastic Wood. Results will surprise you.

This amazing compound handles just like putty and quickly hardens into wood—waterproof, weatherproof wood that takes and holds nails and screws even better than natural wood. You can carve it, paint it, turn it in a lathe. Plastic Wood is as easy to use as ordinary glue—any one can obtain perfect results with it. Keep a can or tube of it handy. Available in 9 colors. Sold by all paint, hardware and department stores.

TO PLUG UP HOLES, SEAL CRACKS
PLASTIC WOOD
HOLDS NAILS AND SCREWS FIRMLY

UNIQUE DOUBLE-CLEANSING ACHIEVES RESULTS ALMOST OVERNIGHT

In just a few days you'll see how much cleaner and whiter Kolynos makes teeth. THIS SCIENTIFIC DENTAL CREAM GIVES TEETH A DOUBLE-CLEANSING IMPOSSIBLE TO OBTAIN WITH ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE. 1: Foams into every crevice, over every tooth surface and kills millions of germs. 2: Erases dingy film and stain. Before you know it your teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. Start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, twice daily—for QUICK RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner, whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums. Buy a tube of Kolynos today.

FREE MAIL COUPON FOR JIG-SAW PUZZLE

The Kolynos Company, Dept. AW-4
130 Bristol Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen:

I enclose a carton from a tube of Kolynos. Please send me, without cost, the new Kolynos Jig-Saw Puzzle.

Name .....
Street & No. .....
City ..... State .....

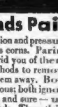
CORNS

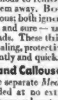
Quickly Ends Pain

Remember, it is friction and pressure of shoes that causes corns. Paring with a razor won't rid you of them. Using old-time methods to remove corns won't keep them away. Both methods are dangerous; both ignore the cause. Be safe and sure—use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, dainty, soothing, healing, protective pads end pain instantly and quickly.

Remove Corns and Callouses when used with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included at no extra cost. They stop the cause; keep you rid of corns; make new or tight shoes easy on the feet; heal sore toes overnight; prevent blisters.

Made in special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today. At all drug, dept. and shoe stores. For every foot trouble there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy.





Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Ingrown Nail Turns Right Out!

Pain Stops Instantly!

"Outgro" is a harmless antiseptic manufactured for chiropodists. However, anyone can buy from the drug store a tiny bottle containing directions. A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the ingrowing nail reduces inflammation and pain and so toughens the tender, sensitive skin underneath the toe nail, that it can not penetrate the flesh, and the nail turns naturally outward almost over night.

End the Pain of a BURN at Once

You never know just when it is going to happen—that burn or scald—but you can spare yourself the agonizing pain and often prevent blisters or scars if you have Resinol Ointment on hand and apply it generously at once. Cover with a soft, light bandage to exclude the air, and let the soothing, healing Resinol medication do the rest.

You will be amazed to see how quickly the pain is eased, the inflammation lessened and the tissue begins to heal.

Get a jar of Resinol from any druggist today, and be prepared for sudden need. For free sample write Resinol, Dept. X-44, Baltimore, Md.

END GRAY HAIR EASILY... AT HOME

Why pay beauty operators high prices? Do it yourself at home with Danderbrinks's world famous preparation. Recommended by leading druggists for over 45 years. Just a few strokes of comb in a few minutes' time restores natural-like color. Even closest friends cannot detect from natural hair.

FREE TRIAL

Be Sure to State Color of Hair.

Write for free test bottle. Test on a lock of hair. See faded gray hair transformed to beautiful new luster. Plain wrapper used by patrons. Carl Danderbrink, Laboratory, Hair Specialists for over 45 years, 142 East 34th St., New York City. Dept. 241.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
995 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

© 1933, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Let April Showers Bring the Bride Happy Hours

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

"APRIL SHOWERS" may mean not only the gentle rain which coaxes daffodils and violets from out their Winter's hiding place, but also a jolly social festivity for the bride-to-be. And this year, let's make it the most practical of "showers!" And what could be more suitable than the old but ever-new "kitchen shower" featuring small household gadgets which every bride will love and which will assist her in starting the road to easy short household-keeping tasks done in the daintiest manner.

Here are suggestions for gay gadgets as gifts to the Spring bride:

Who said there is nothing new under the sun? For here is a way to cut or serve cake as far as possible removed from the typical knife. This gadget is called a cake-breaker or server and looks like nothing so much as a gigantic comb of metal mounted on a meat handle. When these metal tines, or fork, are pulled across the cake, the piece is separated lightly and without causing any crumbling. Unlike a knife, which must press through its blade with force, in the cake-breaker the pressure is distributed over the separate tines so that no crumbling or mashing can occur.

In short, it is the application of an old law in physics to a familiar household process. Even the most dainty of angel or sponge cakes may be broken and served in slices of any size with the aid of this gadget, and later each piece may be lifted on the little metal rack which the server makes when lying in a horizontal position. The server comes in many finishes of handle from silver to modernistic black ebony.

Another novelty which the bride or hostess would appreciate is a series of individual steak planks suitable for many types of meats and dishes. These planks are of oak, for individual service and just large enough to fit on the dinner plate. Nothing could be more ideal or easier to serve steak, chops, hamburg and similar meats which the bride would naturally include in her plans. Even the most modest and inexpensive cut looks glorified when cooked and served on these original boards, garnished with a touch of potato and surrounded with a wreath of diced vegetables.

"What makes my cake fall?" is a common query of the beginner housekeeper. It probably is not the recipe and not the way the cake batter was mixed, but all too surely that something was wrong with the oven temperature! So a handy little cooking thermometer that will set gaily on the oven rack or floor will be welcomed by the bride. This particular baking guide registers the exact degree of oven heat and records temperature changes without delay. It is written plainly as "Pies, fruit... 425 F." etc., so that it is very easy to watch and be guided by.

Every experienced cook knows that it is more difficult to beat or whisk the white or yolk of a single egg than it is to beat up three or more at one time. Either the bowl is too large or the beater is too unwieldy to reach the single portion egg. However, this extremely clever little whisk looks like a long, large pencil with the tiniest of beater wheels at one tip. Hold it upright in a single yolk or egg white and churn it up and down, even in a tea cup, and in almost a second that egg will be made light and frothy.

Eggs and bacon or ham are proverbial breakfast dishes which all husbands love. But it takes attention to their frying to bring them forth done just to the right turn, not too leathery and not too greasy. The new bride will be interested to learn of an entirely different kind of skillet which some inventive person has put on the market. This looks exactly like any usual iron or aluminum frying pan except that all around the edge of the pan is a shallow groove or depressed portion of the pan.

And into this groove, of course, during the frying and cooking process, all the grease drains, keeping the frying foods greaseless and non-soggy. What a clever idea, and how simple! The housekeeping world seems to have been waiting for this for ages! For every woman knows the annoyance of using pans which are higher at the sides than in the center, thus resulting in greasy cooking no matter how much pains are taken. This new plan is a happy solution.

There is also a clever frying fork which is of great help in cooking bacon, chops, cutlets and other foods in piece or sliced form. This fork looks like a pan-cake turner made of strips of tin instead of a shovel-shaped piece. Naturally the cooking grease drains away as the food is lifted up or turned with its aid, again making for more wholesome cookery.

In even simple cookery many foods must be grated, and invention has been busy in devising grating gadgets which will flake or shave the foods without grating the fingers. This new safety grater is an oblong piece of steel wire, stainless, and mounted on a short handle. It is held sloppingly in the left hand over the table or chopping board while the food is grated up and down across it with the right hand. Thus it is impossible to grate anything but the foods. For potatoes, onions, dry bread, and cheese, as well as vegetables, this new type of grater is very practical.

Grapefruit is standard breakfast equipment for the bride or any other family, and removing seeds and membrane from the fruit is always a little chore. There is a set of new and extremely clever fruit corers and peelers which deserve a place in the pantry drawer of the new housewife. The grapefruit corer is made of stainless steel and has a toothed cutting ring which is pushed down into the heart of the fruit with a circular motion. While using it, the fruit is kept revolving with the left hand, in this way easily cutting out a central section and removing seeds, core, etc., with one twist.

A larger device based on the same rotary principle will remove the half grapefruit entire from its rind with a single cutting and rotary motion. In this form it is very convenient to use the fruit for salads, etc.

While there are many kinds of dish mops, spray mops and hose connections to help remove drudgery from the old task of washing dishes, there is one special and very inexpensive new mop deserving attention. In appearance it looks exactly like the familiar short-handled string dish mop. But there is a detachable perforated rubber cup filled with soap which may be placed on the end within the mop head. By means of this there is a fine flow of suds while using the mop. Therefore a dishpan is hardly necessary, and this avoids the somewhat unpleasant task of cleaning out a dishpan, especially if there are only a few dishes.

Of course, there are numerous other household novelties especially suitable to the shower idea. A package of parchment paper, a set of cleaning cloths, an assortment of the copper mesh scouring pads, a bundle of dish and dust cloths of all types will be welcome.

for Quick
First Aid

Even a tiny cut or scratch may cause serious trouble. Bumps and bruises, cuts and burns should be treated immediately with 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly and bandaged lightly. It keeps the wound clean, soothes and heals small ailments of all kinds. Prevents scars. 'Vaseline' costs very little but it is useful in dozens of ways. Keep a jar handy in your medicine chest for emergencies.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
LOOK FOR THE TRADEMARK
VASELINE WHEN YOU BUY.

If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

GETTING OVER A BAD COLD?

Tone up with Abbott's Bitters! Stimulates appetite ...peps up system. A family tonic! A tasty appetizer!

HALF PRICE: Full - size 25c bottle for only 25c, stamps or coin. Address Dept. A-4-30, Box 44, Baltimore, Md.

Abbott's BITTERS

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE Company Ltd.
909 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

INGROWN NAIL

PAIN STOPS!
NAIL GROWS OUT AGAIN!

A few drops of Dr. Scholl's Onixol in the crevice will quickly relieve pain of ingrown nail, prevent infection and heal the irritation and inflammation. Soon the nail grows normally and straight again. Get a 50c bottle at any drug, dept. or shoe store at once.

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

DEAFENED EARS

Need Daily Suction Massage such as is given by the Moore Airosage, an invention, the result of 25 years' exclusive experience in the deaf-aid field. While the Airosage is being used, in the privacy of your home, on a small monthly rental plan, to improve your hearing and help head noises, you are given Without Charge the use of a new Easily Concealed ear phone, so that you can At Once Hear conversation, plays, lectures, etc. Call for free demonstration or write for free booklet and the names of many satisfied users. Moore Corporation (Est. 25 years), 46 West 38th Street, N. Y. Suites 912 and 914 E.

Cuticura Talcum Soothes and Comforts

How important it is to complete the toilet with a fragrant, antiseptic powder! After a cleansing with Cuticura Soap, a light application of Cuticura Talcum will add the finishing touch to your toilet.
Price 25c.
Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

When Lamb Is at Its Best

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Roast Crown of Lamb.

GET a large crown of lamb from market. Wrap each bone in thin salt pork and cover pork with greased brown paper. Brown in rather hot oven. Reduce heat and cook about an hour and a half. Remove to large serving platter. Fill center with creamed vegetables and arrange a border of white or sweet potato rosettes around the lamb.

Roast Leg of Lamb.

PUT a leg of lamb on rack in roasting pan. Cook in hot oven about 15 minutes. Reduce heat. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour and baste with bacon or salt pork drippings and hot water. Bake about 1½ hours. Remove to hot serving dish and serve with spinach molded in cups, candied sweet potatoes and mint jelly.

Roast Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb.

SELECT a shoulder of lamb weighing from 3 to 4 pounds. Have the butcher remove all the bones and the fell. Save the bones for making soup. A lamb shoulder may be stuffed and either left flat or rolled. The flat shoulder is easier to sew up than the rolled, and the pocket holds twice as much stuffing. Half of the completely boned stuffed shoulders can be carved straight through in attractive slices of part meat and part stuffing. Wipe the meat with a damp cloth. Sprinkle the inside of the pocket with salt and pepper, pile the hot stuffing in lightly, and sew the edges together. Rub salt, pepper and flour over the outside. If the shoulder has only a very thin fat covering, lay several strips of bacon over the top. Place the roast on a rack in an open oven pan without water. Sear for 30 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 480 deg. F. If bacon is laid over the roast, shorten the time of searing so as to avoid overbrowning. Reduce the temperature of the oven and cook the meat at moderate temperature until tender. From two and one-half to three hours will be required to cook a medium-sized stuffed shoulder at these oven temperatures. Serve hot, with brown gravy.

Mint or Watercress Stuffing.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter and add 1 minced onion and 3 tablespoons celery. Cook for two minutes and add ½ cup mint leaves or 1½ cups finely cut watercress and salt and pepper to taste. Push this mixture to one side of the skillet and in the empty part melt 3 tablespoons butter and stir in 3 cups bread crumbs. When they have absorbed the butter, mix all the ingredients together. When using watercress allow the liquid which cooks out to evaporate before the buttered crumbs are added.

Savory Roast Lamb.

REMOVE outer thin skin and superfluous fat from a leg of lamb. Rub with lemon juice and sprinkle with finely chopped onion, salt and paprika and dredge with flour. Bake in hot oven about ½ hour. Spread with currant jelly and baste frequently with drippings in the pan until well done. Allow about 20 minutes to the pound in addition to the first 30 minutes required for searing.

Cold Lamb with Spinach Timbales.

CUT cold roast lamb in thin slices. Put several molds of mint jelly in center of serving dish and arrange sliced lamb around edge. Place a small spinach timbale on each slice of lamb or alternate lamb and spinach.

Pan Broiled Chops.

REMOVE most of fat. Wipe with a clean, damp cloth. Put in a hissing hot frying pan. Sear quickly on both sides, turning frequently, until cooked a desired brown. Drain on unglazed paper, place on hot platter and sprinkle with salt and pepper and dot with butter. Serve immediately.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann.

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit.	Whole	Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.	Prepared	Fruit.
Oatmeal,	Wheat Cereal,	Cereal.	Cereal.	Whole Grain	Cereal,	Cereal.
Scones.	Plain Omelet,	Poached	English	Cereal.	Poached	Soft Cooked
Coffee.	Bacon,	Eggs	Muffins.	Mexican Omelet,	Eggs.	Eggs.
Luncheon	Graham	on Toast.	Marmalade.	Corn Muffins.	Toast,	Toast,
Chicken	Muffins,	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.
Salad in	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Orange	*Luncheon*	Spaghetti	Sea Food	Tuna Fish and	Emergency	Roast Leg of
Jelly Rings.	Vegetable	a la Virginia.	Omelet.	Salmon	Salad,	Lamb.
Ice Box Graham	Soup.	Sunshine	Green	Casserole.	Mock Liver	Spinach,
Rolls.	Corn Sticks.	Salad.	Bouquet Salad.	Asparagus	Paste	Mint Jelly,
Mystery	Spring	Crackers.	Emergency	Salad.	Sandwiches.	Potato Puff.
Dessert.	Fruit Salad,	Tea.	Biscuit.	Apricot Trifle.	Tapioca	Upside Down
Tea.	Cheese Balls.	*Dinner*	Pineapple	Cookies.	Sponge.	Cake.
Dinner	Russian Tea.	New	Cup.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Whipped
Tomato	*Dinner*	England	Cookies.	Pan Fried	Chili	Cream.
Juice.	Consomme.	Boiled Dinner.	*Dinner*	Haddock.	Con	*Supper*
Ham Roll,	Crackers.	Mustard	Left-Over	Green Peas.	Carne.	Springtime
Gravy.	Broiled Liver.	Pickles.	Corned-Beef.	Fried Egg Plant.	Buttered	Fruit Salad.
Macaroni.	Potato Balls.	Shredded	Spring	Potato Balls.	Noodles.	Cheese Dressing.
Salad of	Savory	Cabbage	Vegetable	Fruit Salad.	Fruit	Nut Muffins.
Greens and	Tomatoes.	Salad.	Plate.	Fruit	Salad.	Hot
Spring Onions.	Celery.	Old-Fashioned	Strawberry	Juice Dressing.	Tartlets.	or Iced Cocoa.
Fruit Trifle.	Banana Tarts.	Apple Loaf.	Roll.	Coffee.		Cookies.

ENCIRCLE SIX LEGS EASILY— YET FIT ONE LEG PERFECTLY

EXTRA LONG STRETCH
PARIS GARTERS
FOR GREATER COMFORT

Happy legs are here again!

A new deal in comfort. No binding—no slipping—just a joy. Fit perfectly—wear longer. Made of extra long stretch, *long lasting* Steinweave Elastic—found only in Paris Garters. Priced to please you, too!

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Made in U.S.A. by A. Stein & Company

NEW WALLS FOR OLD

DIC-A-DOO lifts dirt - without scrubbing or rubbing Spread it on—wipe it off! Like magic, Dic-A-Doo removes dirt, grease, grimy film and leaves the surface clean and bright. Restores any painted, varnished or lacquered surface, tile, stone, linoleum. Ideal for walls, woodwork, floors, porch, garage or house exterior. Amazing in its quick, thorough action—yet harmless to washable surfaces and hands.

OFTEN SAVES REPAINTING
If walls or woodwork seem to need repainting, try Dic-A-Doo on them. Often they will be so completely restored that you can save the cost of painting. And when you do paint, always clean the surface with Dic-A-Doo first. You will be amazed how it improves the finished job.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE
Mail the coupon today. You can buy Dic-A-Doo wherever paint is sold—paint, hardware, wallpaper, and department stores. 15c and 30c (slightly more west of Rockies). The PATENT CEREALS Co., Dept. A-35, Geneva, N.Y. (In Canada: 371 Wallace Ave., Toronto.)

DIC-A-DOO
paint cleaner
RESTORES PAINT

☐ Send free sample
☐ Send ½ lb. pkg. (15c enclosed)
☐ Send 1¼ lb. pkg. (30c enclosed)

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....

"My stockings always FLATTER MY LEGS"

Every Girl can share
Virginia Snyder's simple secret

"I'VE LEARNED how to keep my stockings beautifully smooth fitting," says pretty Virginia Snyder—"so that they cling with flattering snugness, make my ankles look slimmer, my legs more shapely. I wash them every night in Lux."

Lux keeps stockings perfect in fit because it's made to preserve *elasticity*. Your stockings stretch, then spring right back into shape. When you save elasticity, stockings *wear* better, too, because they *give* instead of breaking into runs. Lux your stockings after *each* wearing. It takes only 2 minutes!

It's *Elasticity* that makes stockings *Fit* and *Wear*—don't destroy it!

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali that tends to destroy elasticity, weaken threads, fade color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

LUX saves stocking *Elasticity*

VIRGINIA SNYDER says: "With Lux, your stockings don't wrinkle and sag. Seams stay straighter, and stockings wear better, too."

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The CIGAR of a NATION

White Owl is the country's *largest selling* cigar at 5 cents *straight.* Since its reduction in price, over 700,000,000 have been smoked.

Its leadership extends from *coast* to *coast.* East, West, North, and South it stands first with smokers of straight 5-cent brands.

But the *smoker* of *higher priced* cigars is responsible for its record of consumption. Surprised at an unexpected fine quality, millions of men who always smoked expensive cigars found in White Owl *real enjoyment* and a *new economy in smoking.*

Its popularity is no secret. For *fourteen* years a higher priced cigar, it is *now sold* at 5 cents. Moreover, when we reduced the price, we *promised never to cheapen the quality.*

Any one can reduce the price of a cigar, but to *reduce price* and *maintain quality* is the key to White Owl success.

We wish to thank the millions of smokers who have expressed their *confidence* in our original promise. We take this opportunity to inform them that for three years our experts have been *buying up* the *choice* of *each season's* tobacco crop.

We have accumulated the *greatest store* of *select* leaf ever assembled for a 5-cent cigar. Our *huge* supply *guarantees* the high quality of White Owl for *years* to *come.*

WHITE OWL·5¢

COPR. 1933, GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.